Saturday Review

February 26, 1966 25¢

RECORDINGS

Birgit Nilsson as Venus and Elisabeth
in Tannhäuser at the Metropolitan (See Recordings)

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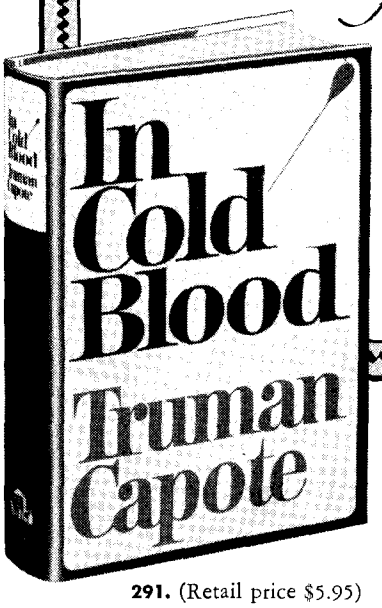

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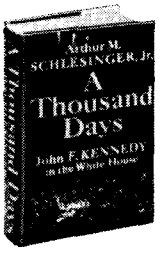

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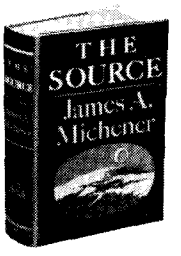

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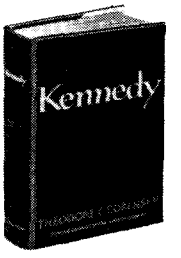

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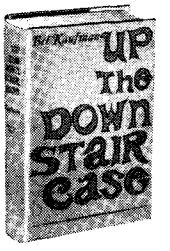

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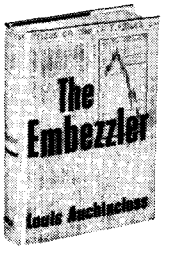

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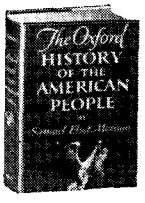

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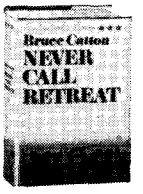

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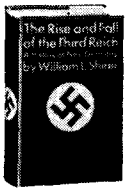

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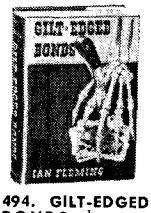

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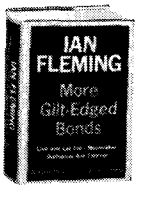

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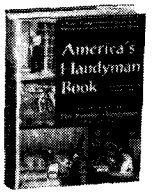

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A couple of years ago I mentioned a book by a man who signs half the *Saturday Review* "Trade Winds" columns, Jerome Beatty, Jr. Today I have the pleasure to announce a book by the man who is the other half of those wits.

John G. Fuller, an engaging guy of many talents, has a way with words. His way is to bend them, twist, jiggle, juggle and make them dance. His new book is offered to a suspecting public under the title *Games for Insomniacs*, best described, perhaps, as the memoirs of a game nut.

For over a decade Mr. Fuller has reported the trends in intelligent, nonviolent games and other forms of self torture to the delight of his readers. They have responded in kind. Not long ago, when he offered 10 pounds of soda biscuits to anyone who could come up with a sentence other than "The quick brown fox . . ." that contained all the letters of the alphabet, the response was such that he found himself on the hook for three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits. Weigh one sometime. This game will give you a rough idea of the hook from which he hung. This incident, forever known as The Great Soda Biscuit Crisis, is duly recorded in *Games for Insomniacs* along with the most challenging brain twisters Mr. Fuller has found in a lifetime of twisting.

There's everything from do-it-yourself limericks to name games to reminiscing with that old foe, Tom Swifty and his descendants. The games can be played alone, in groups, or simply read.

The book is, as Mr. Fuller would say, a palpable paragon of paronomasia. And if you like words as I do, or are a game buff, a fan of Fuller, or in need of mental hors-d'oeuvres for a party, this is your book. For the ten best word games or word tricks sent to Mr. Fuller in the next month* (c/o "Trade Winds," *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10017), I'll send one free copy of his book.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Games for Insomniacs ($4.50), by John G. Fuller, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 2460 Camelback Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85016.

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Saturday Review

February 26, 1966

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SR: Ideas

21 A Fresh Look at Man, by Christopher F. Mooney, S.J.
25 Classics Revisited: Montaigne's Essays, by Kenneth Rexroth
26 Not According to the Appearance: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

47 Great Artists of Our Time: Birgit Nilsson, by Irving Kolodin
50 The Art of the Second Guess, by Paul Henry Lang

SR: Books

29 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
29 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
10 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
12 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
14 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
27 Letters to the Editor
30 Literary Crypt
34 Literary I.Q.
41 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin on Bernstein and Francescatti
42 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight on classifying films
43 Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh at the Brooklyn Museum
44 As Others See Us, by James F. Fixx
67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1664

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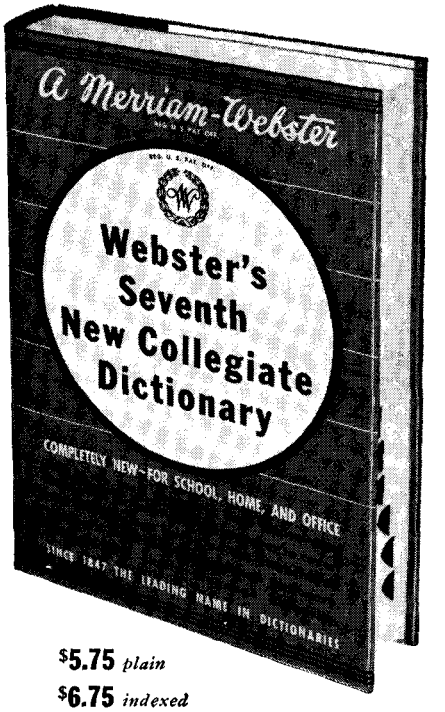
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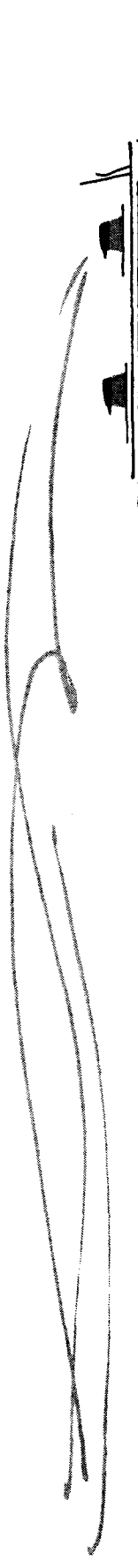

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Edited by Martin Levin

Fun, Spot, Fun!

(In line with the recent suggestion of a Harvard psychologist that school children be taught social drinking in the lower grades, some textbook revisions are already in the works.)

Hello, Dick. Hello, Jane. Hello, Dick and Jane. This is a Mar-tin-i. Look, Look, Look: It is a dry Mar-tin-i. But the Mar-tin-i is *wet*! It is a wet dry Mar-tin-i! Ha, Ha, Ha! Fun, Fun, Fun! Have a Mar-tin-i, Dick! Have a Mar-tin-i, Jane! Be like Dad-dy, Dick. Be like Mom-my, Jane. Drink, drink, drink. Fun, fun, fun, Rum, Spot, Rum!

—Edwin D. Kilbourne.

War Game

Lewis Gannett and I lived together in London for a few months, off and on, in 1944 during what the British call "the second blitz," that dangerous period from just before D Day to the last week in September, when the worst of the flying bombs made their deadly way across the Channel to what we had to refer to in our cables as "the greater London area." I had shipped over during the late winter months to bolster the New York *Herald Tribune*'s D Day staff and Lewis Gannett had joined us soon thereafter, as unable as any civilized newsman to remain contentedly neutral on West 41st Street when the devil himself was about to get his comeuppance. Bombed out of one place in Kensington, Gannett and I ended up at the Savoy until suitable quarters could be found. When none was available, we simply remained where we were in the semi-grandeur of an ornate mezzanine display room used in quieter days for receptions and teas. Rococo moldings articulated with cherubim watched over us and we called our Savoyard paradise "Versailles" because of full-length mirrors everywhere about the room and ceiling. As we went to bed at dawn each day (New York was six hours behind us), each would settle down to his own kind of reading until he slept, which was rarely before the racket of a hideous new day had fully returned to the street just below our open window.

Both of us read little but newspapers and Civil War books, each having his specialty in the latter. On the foot of Gannett's blanket at bedding-down would reappear each night the four-volume Sandburg *The War Years* (Sandburg once told my family that the Pulitzer Prize telegram announcing his award had worded it *The Warriors*) and of course whatever else Gannett had been able to procure that day about the political side of the great conflict. I, on the other hand, liked the battle books better, being absolutely engrossed with every bit of minutiae of maneuver of troop or load of grape and canister. Sometimes we would read aloud to each other great pieces of writing, phrases born heaven-knew-where but sheer delight to a competing professional. And we had a sort of game we played as the flying bombs thickened (I never could come to call them buzz-bombs since they were so unbelievably deadly and anyway they didn't buzz, they growled). The game had to do with explosions of any sort that disturbed our reading. I don't know precisely how it began but that doesn't matter now. When a bomb went off near us, one would say quietly over his book, "Shiloh," and the other would have to respond with the name that particular battle had acquired on the opposing side—in this case "Pittsburg Landing." The names had to match the volume and character of the sound, too. Neither of us would for a moment have called a small 500-pound explosion a mile away in Chelsea "Antietam" ("Sharpsburg") since we reserved that bloody title for something that scored a direct hit—as one did, one day, on Aldwych just up the road. If it was a messy sound, inconclusive and untidy to the ears but close-by all the same, Lewis Gannett would say over his reading glasses, with the ever-present cigarette hanging from his lip: "Bull Run," and I would respond instantly: "First Manassas."

So that was the way it went for weeks of sleepless reading time until a memorable dawn toward the latter part of September. I shall never forget it because of the quality of the sound that came with this new explosive force—a sound we both knew we were hearing for the first time. Its blast was so tremendous, its presence so unbelievable, that a moment or two passed before either of us said anything. We could not know that what we had just heard was the first of several thousand rockets to be aimed at "the greater London area" from that moment on until Allied troops captured the rocket launching sites at Peenemunde. And, a few moments after the

Gannett

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KARMANN GHIA

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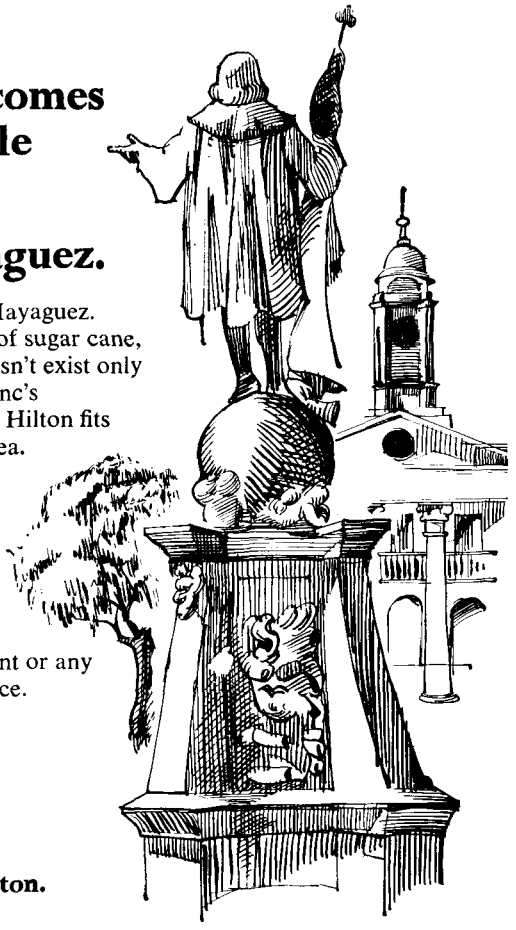

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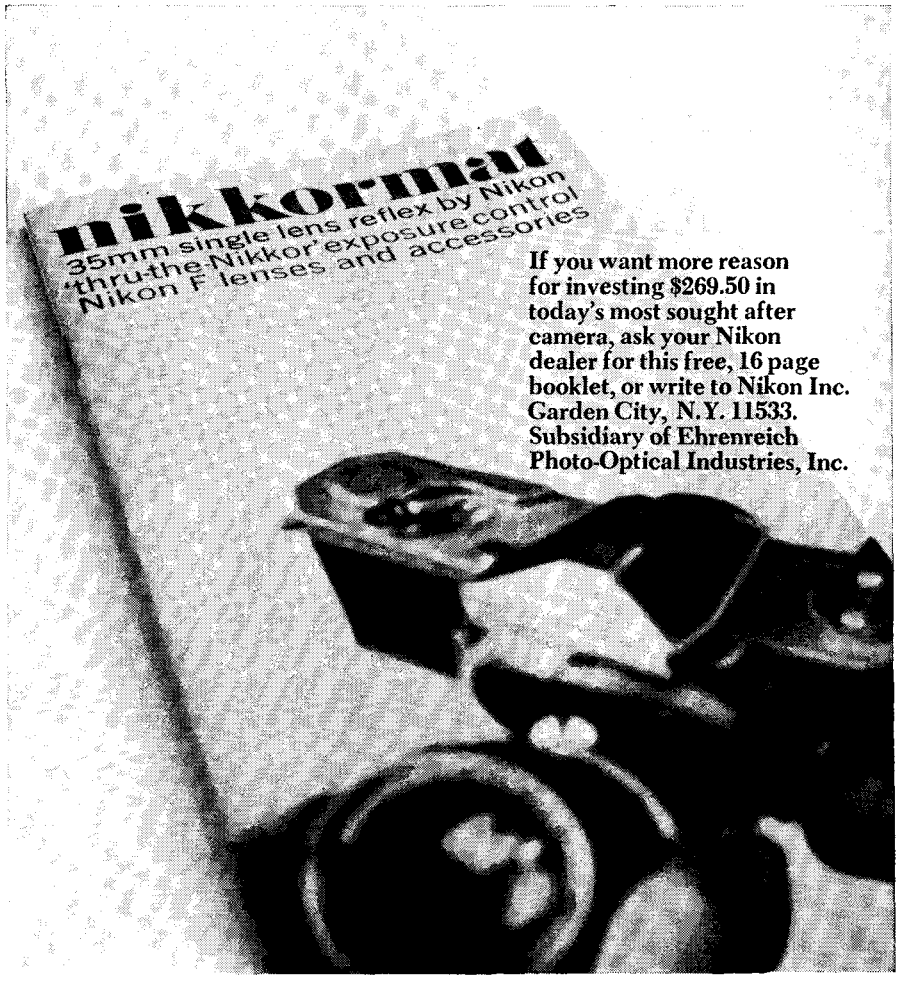

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tremendous explosion we had just heard, an enormous "swishhhhh!" came in through our open window, the sound of The Thing that had already exploded its new terror upon incredible London.

For a time—who ever knows how long these vital moments are?—neither of us said anything at all, nor so much as looked at each other across the chasm of twin beds. Then, as though it were part of a script and an unseen cue had come silently to each of us, we both shouted at each other: "Gettysburg!" And then we laughed and laughed with that shaky sort of relief that comes only after a close call. It was, of course, a prophetic hour and somehow we knew it. I have thought many times about it since: How it would have been had an atomic warhead been screwed into the nose of that faster-than-sound rocket which was defining a new kind of war we had never experienced before because no one on earth had ever experienced it before. From that hour to war's end I had no more stomach for Civil War battle books and, I remember clearly, Lewis Gannett and I never played again the game of opposite battle names. Perhaps we had hit a sort of terminological jackpot, for Gettysburg, as you may remember, was called Gettysburg by both North and South, as though nothing could ever surpass this one tremendous moment in the whole bloody war between the states. —Richard L. Tobin.

The Non-stick Miracle

NOW COMES the Teflon-coated iron —no more will spray starch or gummy collar residue stick to the surface when I press a shirt. Obviously, there's no holding Teflon back. So permit me, manufacturers of America, to present my list of Teflon uses for the immediate future:

1. The Teflon-coated bathtub. It will make the bathtub ring an historical oddity.
2. The Teflon-coated automobile. It will no longer be necessary to avoid parking my car under a tree laden with flocks of starlings or purple grackles.
3. The Teflon-coated snow shovel. Next March, I will not be dragged headlong into a snowbank by the heavy, sticky shovel-load that fails to dislodge as I loft it upward at shoulder height.
4. Teflon-coated overshoes. They will come off on the first try.
5. The Teflon-coated diaper. This needs no explanation, but it leads to the final suggestion—
6. A crowning achievement, the Teflon-coated child. —Todd Hunt.

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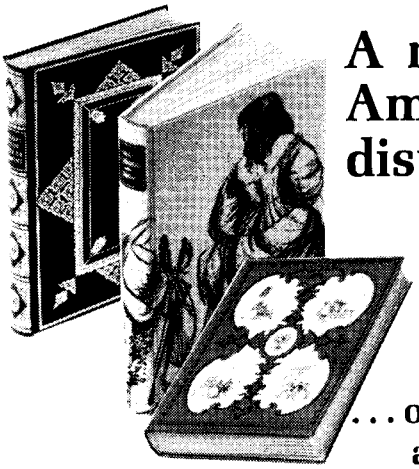

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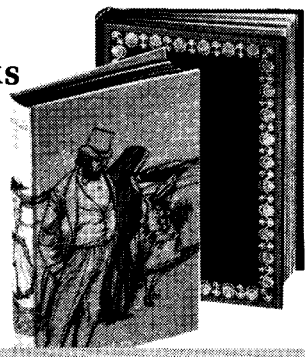

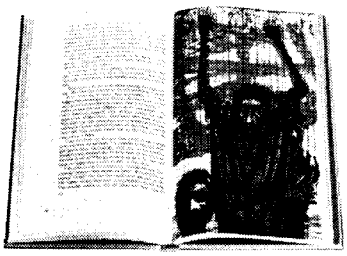

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This represents an unprecedented opportunity to enhance your personal library with limited editions of celebrated works ranging from fiction and drama to memoirs, biographies, adventure chronicles, history, poetry, and art. These exquisite books are printed on special papers at England's finest craft presses – and bound in luxurious cloths: gold-tooled leather, silk, hand-marbled papers, etc. Each volume contains original illustrations by contemporary artists or reproductions of the great art of the period. All texts are authoritative and often newly translated.

To enroll, you need only select four of the fine volumes listed below *at the special member's prices*. Each book will be sent to you either as soon as it is ready – or at once, if now available. You will also receive a free subscription to the quarterly *Folio* Magazine, containing informative, charming articles on books, authors, and subjects as diverse as map-making and women's fashions.

Please remember: Because the Society's editions are limited, only one thousand American readers may take advantage of this invitation to membership. May we suggest that you return the Enrollment Form without delay and accept this rare chance to obtain enduring, finely crafted books at reasonable prices. No other book program offers such extraordinary value to people like yourself who share an enthusiasm for the finest in world literature.

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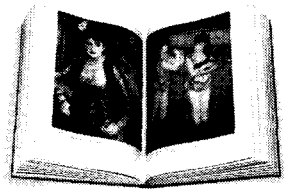

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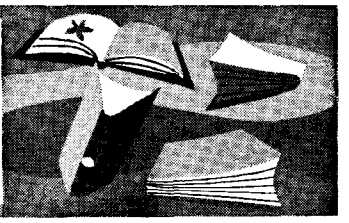
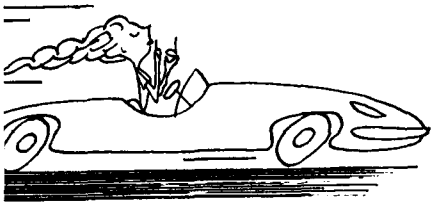
***SR*'s Annual Roundup of Reference Books**

Trade Winds



The big news from the film capital is that Hollywood is agog over autos. Those glamorous people have rediscovered the automobile and are not only creating a cult but are making movies about cars. Howard Hawks was first with his recently released *Red Line 7,000*. Then there was *The Great Race*. Actor



Steve McQueen, of course, is the leader of the Hollywood gang, with Tony Curtis (six autos) and Stella Stevens (a big motorcycle), Liberace and Presley (Cadillacs) right behind.

Three more motion pictures are in the works about racing and women. My own feeling is that nothing acted out before the cameras will be as interesting as the unrehearsed performances Californians put on each day on their famous freeways. The last time I was there I saw a woman driving while drinking some beverage from a paper cup, tilting her head back so she couldn't see the road. Someone reported that he had seen a young woman reading a book while driving in the fast lane on the Santa Ana Freeway, glancing up occasionally to look ahead. I was with a friend on the Long Beach Freeway who yelled, "Look!" Two girls in a convertible passed us and, without reducing speed, switched positions. One of them slipped underneath the other, took the wheel, and the driver moved over to the passenger's vacated seat. That took the cake until another occasion when, on the Santa Ana Freeway near Downey, a car driven by a young lady went whizzing by. She was steering with her elbows and knitting with both hands.

Go ahead, put *that* kind of stuff in a movie.

More than fifteen years ago I got a job on the tiny editorial staff of a pocket-size magazine in New York. "You're taking the place," the editor told me, "of a guy who has just been fired because he could not come to work on time."

Therefore, I was punctual. I soon learned that the tardiness of my predecessor had been outstanding. He appeared each morning not fifteen minutes or half an hour late, but he came in an hour or more after the office opened. He was regular about it, too. At ten-fifteen, there he was. He was told over and over again to come in at nine o'clock, but he didn't. Finally he was given an ultimatum: "Come in tomorrow morning at nine, or you will lose your job." The next day he appeared at ten-fifteen.

As he fired him, the boss felt compelled to give him a lecture. "You're a young fellow, new in town," he said. "Now, take my advice. This isn't Podunk. You're in the big time when you're in New York. One way to get ahead is to show up at work when you're supposed to. If you don't mend your ways, I predict miserable failure for you. Goodbye."

The jobless fellow looked around and found out that there were night jobs in television which started late in the day. As his problem was waking up early, that field was ideal. He went on the night shift at the American Broadcasting Company and he slept late every morning. His name is Don Durgin and a month ago, at age forty-one, he was made president of NBC-TV. His secretary tells me that he has started reporting to the office at the National Broadcasting Company at nine o'clock. There may be a moral to this story but I hesitate to look for it.

There are wonderful photographs and revealing text in *A Very Special President*, the new book about the Kennedy family co-authored by Laura Bergquist

and Stanley Tretick. (He took the famous picture of JFK driving the golf cart with all the kids hanging on it.) It's apparent that the father of Caroline and John was proud to have attention paid to them, but their mother objected to publicity about her children, because she wanted them to lead normal lives. The President okayed a magazine article on John only when Mrs. Kennedy was on that trip to Greece. When Miss Bergquist did a piece for *Look* magazine on Caroline, there was hell to pay. The mother's reaction is illustrated by one

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WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A MIRACLE?

Some pretty strange things are happening in the northern part of Israel.

Birds are singing where they haven't sung since biblical days, and rain is falling and crickets are cricketing.

It's all because of the trees. 50 million trees that weren't there 18 years ago.

The people of Israel planted these trees "where nothing could grow," and today the only thing growing any faster is the nation around them.

Come look for yourself. Check into one of the new hotels or the year-around summer resorts. Visit the museums and universities. Walk through the busy shopping centers. See what a new country feels like. Then talk to the person who made it all possible. He'll be sitting next to you in an outdoor cafe or on a beach.

As a matter of fact, our El Al stewardesses are a part of the whole story. Most of them are "Sabras" (born and bred in Israel).

A travel agent can get you on an economy group flight from New York to Tel Aviv for only $535. (Including one free stopover in Europe on the return trip.)

And for $2 more you can plant a tree when you get to Israel. After all, when was the last time you invested in a miracle?

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incident left out of the book by Miss Bergquist. One weekend after the article appeared, Ted Sorensen and Mrs. Kennedy were chatting in Hyannis Port.

Ted: What did you think of the story on Caroline?

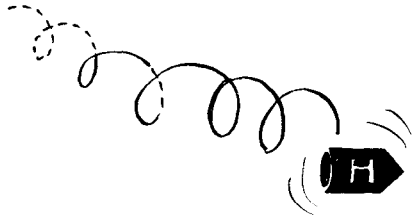
Jackie: What did you think of it?

Ted: We all read it on the plane coming up. The President liked it. Pierre liked it. I liked it.

Jackie: That doesn't say much for your literary judgment.

Sharps and Flats: One of the screwiest moves this government has made is to close down the USIS library in London. It has been there almost twenty-five years and has been an important and much-used focus of goodwill for the U.S. Closing it will save annually about $50,000, which I understand is enough to buy about forty seconds of action in Vietnam.

► I hear that the Air Force lost an H-bomb in the vicinity of Spain. If you lose a dime, a cufflink, or something like



that, you can drop another and see where it rolls to, then usually find the lost item there, too. Now, here's my plan . . .

► All the news about the change in editors at *The Atlantic Monthly* prompts me to remind you that there once was a magazine called *The Pacific Monthly*. It was launched in Portland, Oregon, in 1899 and folded in 1911. One Charles Ladd sank $300,000 into the venture. The late Lute Pease, later the Pulitzer Prize-winning political cartoonist for the Newark (New Jersey) *Evening News*, was editor.

► Some Old Fashioned Things That Are Still With Us, No. 4: If you're out in the country and a train goes by, the engineer will wave back at you.

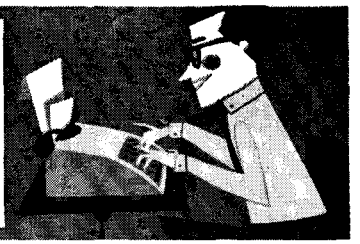
—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1663)

Terence H(anbury) White:
AMERICA AT LAST

I was a vegetarian once, for about two years, but gradually gave it up because I was such a curse to my hosts when I went out. I will eat what is provided by others, to be polite, but I have bought my last murdered animal. I have sent my last aristocrat to the guillotine.

Top of My Head



Necessities Are the Mother of Invention

WE HAVE been so heavily exposed to such fantastic numbers as a $112 billion national budget and a $10.8 billion unescalated war that it was a journey back to reality to come across some figures that can be rung up on the average cash register or abacus.

Incongruously, these petty cash figures showed up in West Palm Beach, Florida, the "playground of millionaires," where the divorce case of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Firestone, Jr., is being adjudicated. He's heir to the Firestone tire fortune. Mrs. Firestone had asked the court to consider her plea for temporary support in the amount of $8,500 a month for herself and her three-year-old son. The judge, after due consideration, substantially reduced the sum she will get to $2,000 a month.

What made interesting reading was the itemized account of the basic necessities that Mrs. Firestone claimed would cost her $8,500 a month. If it weren't so tragic that the judge sentenced Mrs. F. to drudge along on only $2,000, her itemized list of monthly expenditures could have become fun reading. To wit:

Maid, $284 a month. Well, this must be an old family retainer who would work at that pre-Walter Reuther wage. But the next item explains somewhat this coolie-labor project: Cook, $300 a month. Of course if the girl doesn't cook, just maids all day, that's different.

Food, $500 a month; milk, $60; fish, $50. Also health food, $50. That's to recover from all that food up there.

Electricity and gas, $95. Well, with all that cooking you've got to expect that. Home repairs, $200; exterminator service, $12. Even millionaires have them, hmm?

Gardener, $50; lawn spray, $12; window cleaning, $10; newspapers, $5. A girl has to read about the trial.

Beauty salon, $238 a month. This item eludes me. With all those trips to the beauty parlor, how does a girl find herself involved in a divorce case? It's one thing for a face to launch a thousand ships, but to be unable to anchor one husband is $238 a month thrown overboard.

Clothing, $2,000 a month. It gets pretty warm down there. And the styles change almost every day. Alterations, $200. See? Ballet lessons, $50. That's pretty strenuous. Masseuse and Spa, $240. See? Chiropractor, $40. Natch. Shoe repair, $25. It figures.

Flowers, $100; catering, $100. What happened to that $300 cook? Charity and church donations, $100. Religiously every month. Charity balls, $200. They come higher than charity. Dining out, $300. That cook isn't earning her keep! Poodle clip and wash, $25. What? Art lessons, $50; bridge lessons, $50; tennis and golf, $100; stationery, $25.

For her three-year-old son, the lady listed school, $25; clothing, $500; doctor, $25; swimming lessons, $100. That'll keep his head above water. She also added $250 for miscellaneous items. This sounds like a tax dodge. I could never get away with it. I hope she can. And she finished the whole list with a flourish – safety deposit box, $2. Oh, come on. With that judge's slashing of $6,500 there won't be much cooking in that safety deposit box. There won't be much cooking anywhere unless that $300 cook gets back on the range.

The story does not go into detail of items questioned, revised, or eliminated. In cutting Mrs. F.'s requests by more than 75 per cent this ruthless judge has declared war on wealth and left this hapless supplicant in tatters, in unrepaired shoes, and with an unwashed poodle. To say nothing of an illiterate, drowning child.

Her life ahead can indeed only be one of travail. Her lawn will go unsprayed; there goes the health food; and here comes the cook; gone the *pas de deux;* a picture of despair and there go the monthly photographs; omit flowers; and the tormenting decision of which will have to go, golf or tennis, will have to be her own; and where now the miscellaneous? And as for the $50 worth of fish a month—the waters down there are full of fish. Let us pray she will hook one.

One item I overlooked. Car lease, $250 a month; wash and gasoline, $75. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Firestone has supplied the tires that will keep her from skidding as, desperate and alone, she careens along the rocky road of alimony? —Goodman Ace.

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For example—

Are you vulnerable to other people's insults? Does other people's rudeness, hostility, impatience cause you to be upset all day long?

Then by all means turn to page 145 of Dr. Sullivan's revolutionary new book. Learn how easy it is to handle even the most antagonistic person—from rude sales help to waitresses to fellow workers to policemen. Prove to yourself that you can develop an invulnerable wall of self-confidence that quiets them down immediately . . . that puts you in command of the situation . . . that lets you walk away with a *smile of self-satisfaction—and without* the slightest rise in your blood pressure!

And this is just the beginning—

Do you have trouble falling asleep? Are your nights filled with shallow, dream-disturbed sleep that leaves you tired and dragged-out in the morning?

Then turn to page 139. You'll find four simple steps that will let you fall *into a deep, refreshing sleep whenever* you wish. Without drugs or tranquilizers — with nothing more than your mere desire to sleep.

You'll learn the secret of taking short "energy-naps" whenever you wish. That will rest you *thoroughly in* as little as ten minutes—give you a fresh charge of vitality upon awakening.

You'll even learn two "magic" words which, after you learn this amazingly *simple system, will make you delight*fully drowsy the moment you repeat them!

(The methods in this book are so effective that they have brought deep, refreshing sleep to confirmed insomniacs. They will work for anyone. You can prove this yourself without risking a penny.)

And this is still just the beginning—

Are you one of those people who frets and procrastinates about spending money for fear of making a mistake?

Then read every word on page 169. You'll find an entire section devoted to *taking away the anxiety and worry* usually connected with buying a new home — purchasing an automobile — parting with any amount of money.

And you'll also discover a special piece of wisdom that will allow you to *make up your mind in half the usual* time—and cut your chances of making an error almost to zero!

Do parties and other social gatherings make you wish you'd never received the invitation?

You'd be surprised how many other people feel exactly the same way. But there's absolutely no need to feel uncomfortable, awkward, ill-at-ease at parties anymore. A simple technique described on page 229 will show you the secret of relaxing from the very *first moment you walk in the door.*

Yes, and you'll learn how to loosen up . . . express yourself freely . . . make people like you at once . . . leave a lasting impression of warmth and excitement—even if you knew no one in the room only one short hour before!

Would you like to skyrocket your performance in sports — overnight?

Most people lose their smoothness and power because they "choke up" with tension in the crucial moments—or when other people are watching them.

If you could eliminate this tension—if you could draw on all the power and coordination that's really in your body —then you would have a tremendous advantage over your competition before you even picked up a club, a racket or a ball!

There are two entire sections in this book—starting on pages 228 and 239—that show you how to keep cool, calm, at top form . . . no matter what the sport . . . no matter how high the tension mounts!

And the same exact techniques will be invaluable for you if you play cards . . . invest in the stock market . . . or have to buck cut-throat competition in your job or business.

And speaking of business, do you tie your stomach up in knots when you have to make a crucial decision — sit in on a business discussion . . . sell your boss or your co-workers on your ideas?

Then don't miss page 194. It's the beginning of six startling pages that are alone worth the price of the book to you. It gives you a new technique for making right decisions — fast — without anxiety—and with all the facts at your fingertips for perhaps the first time in your life.

This one secret alone — of letting vital decisions **half-make themselves**—can build you a reputation for steel-nerved judgment that can alone be worth a fortune to you.

And then skip back to page 61, and discover how to automatically drain away anxieties the very moment **before** you begin to sell others your ideas. So *you can be completely at ease,* whether you have to address a crowd of one hundred, or convince a single man in the privacy of his office.

Plus, of course, a thrilling new concept of "psychological judo," that shows you how to win people over to *your point of view no matter* how antagonistic they've been to it before. Again — alone worth the low price of this book!

Yes — even if the thought of a trip to the doctor or dentist is torture to you. Even if the buzz of his drill sets your nerves tingling in anticipation of pain!

Then you need page 91. For here are six simple steps—self suggestion in its most valuable form — that actually saves you hours of otherwise agonizing *anticipation! We can promise you this:* that they are so incredibly effective that you will actually be able to sit back in that man's chair and KNOW that the only thing you feel is relaxed!

And you prove every word of it, *entirely at our risk. Here's how—*

An entirely different kind of book, to give you an entirely new power to relax!

But this is still just the beginning.

This book doesn't restrict itself to just the "big-tension" crises alone. It also shows you how to relax completely in the dozens of borderline-tension moments that pile up on top of you every day — that build up to exhaust you by the time you get home at night.

For example, here's how to relax completely while you're driving, even in the worst traffic jams. How to relax at meal-times—either in crowded restaurants or at home with the children —that turns meal-times from a torture to a pleasure.

You'll learn the one big mistake most people make about recreation — that leaves them more nervous and tired than ever — and how to cure it in seconds.

*You'll learn how to double the enjoy*ment you get from your children—without having a cloud of mutual tensions ruin your relationships with them.

You'll learn how to use an hour in front of your TV set as a time—not to drain you of energy—but as a thrilling *energy-restorer!*

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In addition to his doctorate, M. W. Sullivan has two master's degrees and two bachelor's degrees. He has taught at the Choate School, the University of Puerto Rico, the University of Madrid, Yale University, Marquette University and Hollins College.

Dr. Sullivan was one of the principal investigators for a Carnegie Corporation grant in *automated teaching media. He has* also directed two institutes under the National Defense Education Act.

The author of three books, seven programmed courses and numerous other publications, Dr. Sullivan is now president of a research organization devoted to the preparation of programmed materials.

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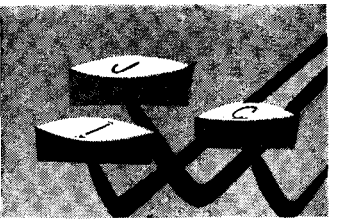
Manner of Speaking



Mailbag: The following two letters arrived from Minnesota in the same envelope and are here faithfully transcribed:

To John Ciardi

John Ciardi your writing is very bad in the book I Met a Man because you do not put periods. On pages 1-2-3-4-6-9-10-11-12-14 and all the rest of the pages I do not understand because you did not put a period. On page 62 sentences 1-4 and 8, I do not understand because you put commas instead of periods. So copy the book over please because I love it.

From Kathy K [no period]

Sir:

My daughter is eight years old and reads constantly.

Please understand, in her letter she could not realize the form of the poems in your charming book, *I Met a Man*, but she is quite sensitive to the sentence structure in the majority of childrens books & could not help but notice the change.

I do not expect you to interrupt your busy schedule with a *detailed* explanation but it is so important to her, I'm sure you understand my concern.

Thank you again, from Kathy and:

Mrs. J.K.

Look, Kathy. Look.
See the poet.
The poet is fat.
He is fifty.
He is dull.
He is sitting at his desk writing a book.
Has he written a lot of books at his desk?
He has written twenty-five of them.

The desk is not tidy.
Make him tidy it.
It is a mess.
It is covered with all the periods he did not put in his books.
Make him put in the periods.

Where shall he put the periods?

Shall he put them after the titles of poems?

It is not necessary to put periods after the titles of poems.

Shall he put them at the end of every line?

It is not necessary to put a period at the end of every line of a poem.

Where shall he put them?

Don't you know?

Ask Mommy.

Doesn't Mommy know?

Make him put them in anyway.

Look, Kathy. Look.

See the little girl.

She is pretty.

What is the little girl doing?

She is reading the book.

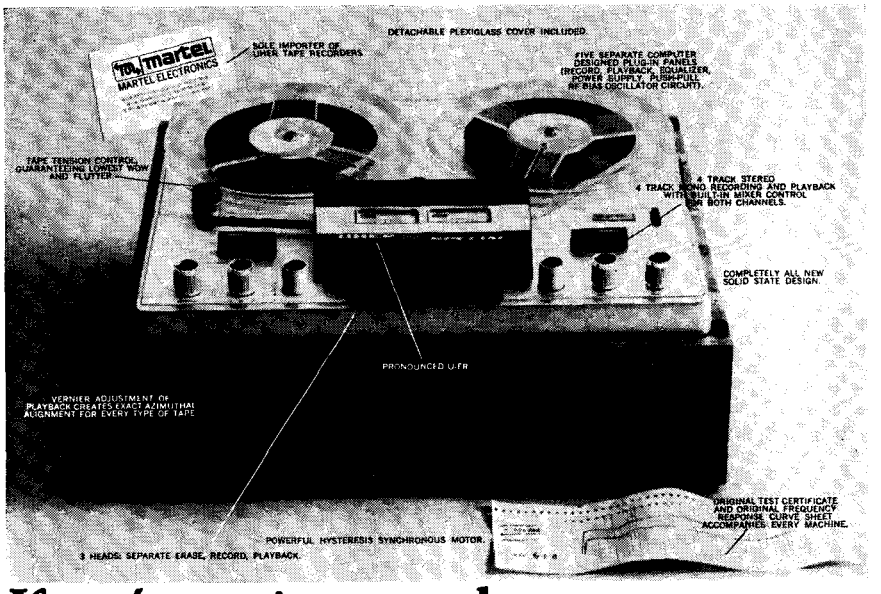
Why is she frowning?

She is frowning because she does not understand.

When the fat, dull, fifty-year-old poet does something the little girl does not understand, the fat, dull, fifty-year-old poet is wrong.

Make him copy it over.

Look, Kathy. Look.
See the mommy.
What is the mommy doing?
She is being concerned.
She is understanding the little girl.
She is making sure the little girl expresses herself.
The mommy does not wish to confuse the little girl with information.
It is more important that the little girl be understood.
It is more important that the little girl express herself.
The little girl is sweet.
The mommy loves her and does not wish to confuse her.
Does the fat, dull fifty-year-old poet love her, too?
Yes, he does, but he has children of his own to fight free of.
Does he understand his children?
He relentlessly refuses to understand them.
Does he make sure his children express themselves?
He is unable to stop them but he tries.
Does he scold his children?
Yes. Hopefully. But he is afraid it is a lost cause.
Is he going to scold the little girl?
No, he is scolding the mommy.
Why is he scolding the mommy?
He is scolding her for spoiling the little girl.
He doesn't care whether or not the little girl is entirely understood.
He says *he* has been waiting fifty years to be understood.
He says the little girl can wait.
He says the little girl has more time than he has.
He does not want to copy the book over.
He says he wrote it right the first time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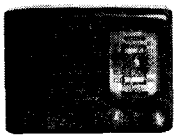

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"America and the Foreign Visitor"

and he is working on another book and needs his time for that.

He says he wants the mommy to copy the book over.

He wants her to copy it over a hundred times on the blackboard.

Why must mommy copy the book over?

She must copy it over for not explaining to the little girl.

What does he want her to explain to the little girl?

He wants the mommy to explain that the poet is fat, dull, fifty, and much smarter than the little girl.

He wants the mommy to tell the little girl that the fat, dull, old poet knows a lot more about periods than the little girl does.

He wants the mommy to explain that it is only wilfully cute to tell the fat, dull, old poet to copy the book over.

He wants the mommy to explain the difference between a title and a sentence.

He wants the mommy to explain the difference between a line of poetry and a sentence.

Doesn't the fat, dull, old poet care whether or not the little girl is understood?

He does care, but only within limits.

He says *he* wants to be understood.

Doesn't the fat, dull, old poet care whether or not the little girl expresses herself?

He does care, but only within limits.

He says *he* wants to express himself.

What? At fifty!

That is much too old for being understood!

That is much too old for expressing oneself!

That is ridiculous!

What a fat, dull, old poet!

What a pretty, bright-eyed, understood, self-expressing, little girl!

What a silly mommy!

Copy all of them over.

—John Ciardi.

Torero

By Lucien Stryk

SOME see him dancer,
Delight as the banderillas
Hit and quiver from his practiced hand,
Fall like a savage
Bird, piece by piece, talons piercing,
Yet there are those
Who cheer him as compassionate butcher,
Sniff the wild flesh on the hospital table,
Marvel as sharp ribs expand, hunger
Fades from the eyes of widows and orphans.

Others see him priest,
Pray as he sights along the sword,
Hosanna as he plunges toward the altar,
See the swordhilt as
Chalice spilling hot as flame, take the host
Of the ears, the tail,
While he circles the arena
And is pelted by hats, fans, a hundred
Twisted flowers. As the dead bull
Is dragged along the sand, these cross themselves.

And there are some
Who see great panniers choked
With easy pesetas, their gambler hearts
Choking with love
As he kneels before the bull, spreads glistering arms:
Only the torero,
Sad face stiff with fear, sees the bull.
Beyond the shrines in cheap hotels, the heaped pesetas,
The villa by the sea,—horns
Like a fist of knives brush him in the dark.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE CAPER OF THE GOLDEN BULLS. By William P. McGivern. Dodd, Mead. $4.

DEATH DEALS IN DIAMONDS. By Bradshaw Jones. Walker. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE BIRTH OF COMMUNIST CHINA. By C. P. Fitzgerald. Praeger. $6.

DEEP IN MY HEART. By William Kunstler. Morrow. $4.95.

DEFENSE AND DISARMAMENT: The Economics of Transition. By Roger E. Bolton. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

FREEDOM—WHEN? By James Farmer. Random House. $4.95.

FROM RACE RIOT TO SIT-IN. By Arthur I. Waskow. Doubleday. $5.95.

LAW AND SOCIAL CHANGE IN GHANA. By William Burnett Harvey. Princeton Univ. Press. $10.

THE PRESS IN THE JURY BOX. By Howard Felsher and Michael Rosen. Macmillan. $5.95.

SPACECRAFT AND MISSILES OF THE WORLD, 1966. By William E. Howard and James Baar. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.50.

THE UNITED NATIONS: Peace and Progress. By Alf Ross. Bedminster. $8.

THE UNWRITTEN ALLIANCE: Rio Branco and Brazilian-American Relations. By Bradford E. Burns. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.95.

Esthetics

COLLECTED PAPERS ON AESTHETICS. Edited by Cyril Barrett. Barnes & Noble. $5.

Fiction

THE BALLAD OF DINGUS MAGEE. By David Markson. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

THE BOLD AND THE LONELY. By Charles Little. McKay. $4.95.

THE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED RAPE OF THE WORLD. By Shepherd Mead. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE IRON COUNTRY. By Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

JOSIE, CON AMORE. By Milla Logan. Norton. $4.95.

LET NOON BE FAIR. By Willard Motley. Putnam. $5.95.

QUOTA. By Vercors. Putnam. $4.95.

H. M. S. SARACEN. By Douglas Reeman. Putnam. $5.95.

SHE LET HIM CONTINUE. By Stephen Geller. Dutton. $3.50.

THE SILENT COUSIN. By Elizabeth Fenwick. Atheneum. $3.95.

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE. By Heather Ross Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.75.

THE WAY LIFE IS. By Geneviève Dormann. Braziller. $5.

THE WIG. By Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

WINTER'S TALES II. Edited by A. D. Maclean. St. Martin's. $4.95.

History

AGE OF INDUSTRIAL VIOLENCE. By Graham Adams, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

BAGEHOT'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Norman St. John-Stevas. New York Univ. Press. $7.50.

BRITAIN, CHINA, AND THE ANTIMISSIONARY RIOTS, 1891-1900. By Edmund S. Wehrle. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.50.

CORPORAL GLASS'S ISLAND. By Nancy Hosegood. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

1787: THE GRAND CONVENTION. By Clinton Rossiter. Macmillan. $7.95.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Goldwin Smith. Scribners. $12.50.

THE LAST 100 DAYS. By John Toland. Random House. $8.95.

MT. VERNON IS OURS: The Story of Its Preservation. By Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $7.95.

SAUDI ARABIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By R. Bayly Winder. St. Martin's. $8.50.

THE WORLD OF ANCIENT TIMES. By Carl Roebuck. Scribners. $11.50.

Law

SOVIET CRIMINAL LAW AND PROCEDURE: The RSFSR Codes. By Harold J. Berman and James W. Spindler. Harvard Univ. Press. $11.95.

Literary Criticism, History

ATTITUDES TO CRITICISM. By André Gomme. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

IBSEN'S DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE. By P. F. D. Tennant. Humanities Press. $5.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE AND ELIZABETHAN DRAMATIC AUTHORSHIP: An Essay in Literary History and Method. By S. Schoenbaum. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE JOYCE PARADOX. By Arnold Goldman. Northwestern Univ. Press. $6.50.

REALISM AND NATURALISM IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Donald Pizer. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

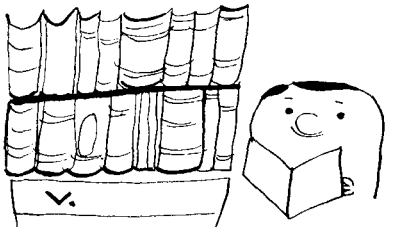
THE SOCIAL NOVEL AT THE END OF AN ERA. By Warren French. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION. By Peter Penzoldt. Humanities Press. $6.

TIME AND THE NOVEL. By A. A. Mendilow. Humanities Press. $6.

TWELVE AND A TILLY: Essays on the Occasion of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of *Finnegans Wake*. By J. P. Dalton and Clive Hart. Northwestern Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE WINE OF ABSURDITY. By Paul West. Pennsylvania State Univ. Press. $6.



Miscellany

THE DUEL: A History of Duelling. By Robert Baldick. Stephen Potter. $8.50.

FOLK ARCHITECTURE OF MEDITERRANEAN GREECE AND ITALY. By Daniel Branch. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

GRANNY'S HILLBILLY COOKBOOK. By Irene "Granny" Ryan and Cathey Pinckney. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

A HANDBOOK ON WITCHES. By Gillian Tindall. Atheneum. $4.95.

THE HIDDEN DIMENSION. By Edward T. Hall. Doubleday. $4.95.

HOW TO BEAT PERSONALITY TESTS. By Charles Alex. Arco. Hardbound, $3.25. Paperback, $1.45.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POWER. By R. V. Sampson. Pantheon. $4.95.

Personal History

CISSY PATTERSON. By Alice Albright Hoge. Random House. $4.95.

THE LEGEND OF GRIZZLY ADAMS: California's Greatest Mountain Man. By Richard Dillon. Coward-McCann. $5.

THE LONG FELLOW: The Story of the Great Irish Patriot, Eamon de Valera. By Jack Steffan. Macmillan. $3.95.

A MOTHER IN HISTORY. (Portrait of Marguerite Oswald.) By Jean Stafford. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

NEHRU: A Contemporary's Estimate. By W. R. Crocker. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

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REPORT FROM NO. 24. By Gunnar Sonsteby. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

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Philosophy, Religion

GOD IN EDUCATION: A New Opportunity for American Schools. By Niels C. Nielsen, Jr. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

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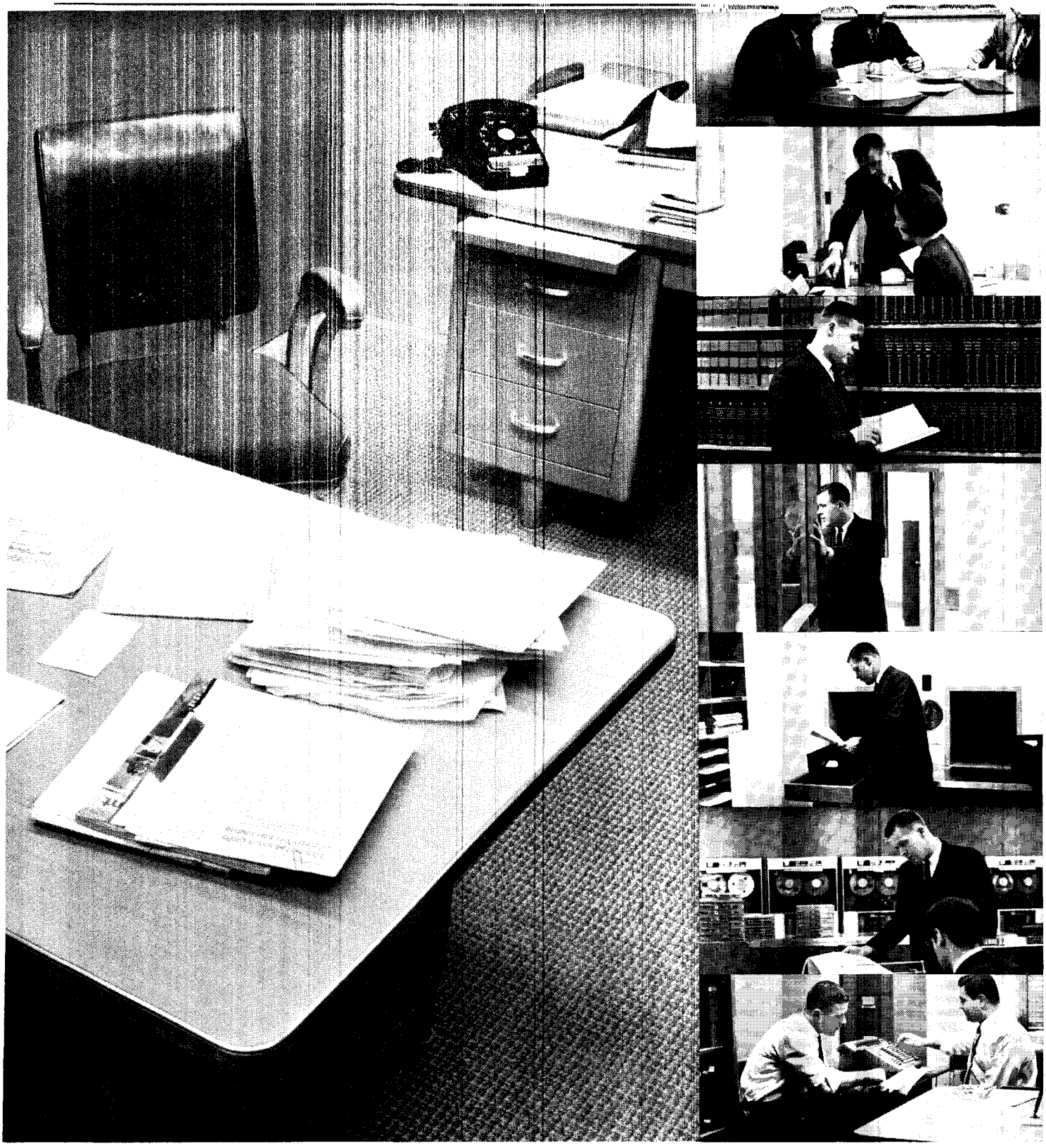

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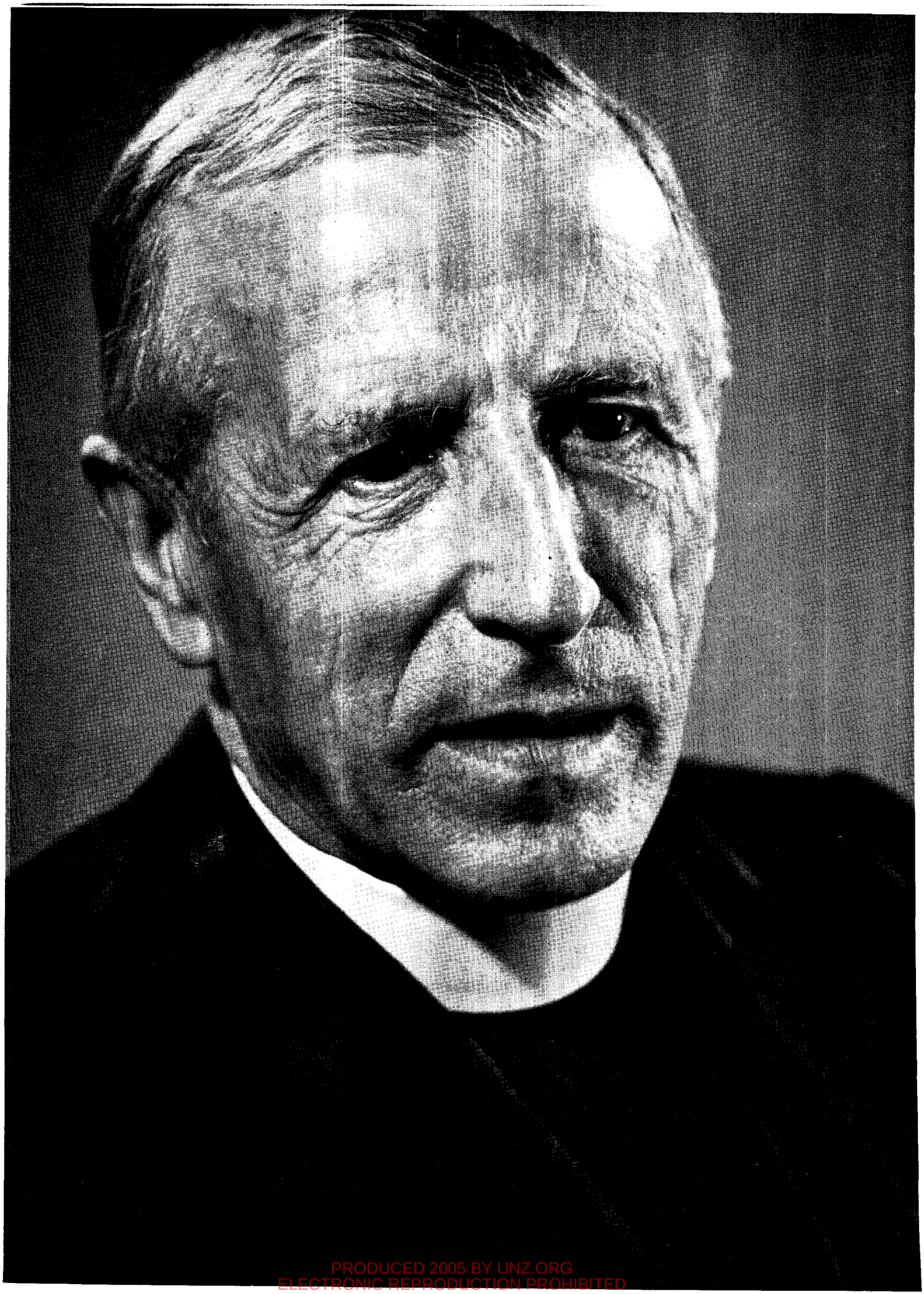

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Saturday Review
February 26, 1966

A Fresh Look at Man

Variously called a genius and a dangerous innovator, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin saw in human evolution the seeds of a new and newly significant era

By CHRISTOPHER F. MOONEY, S.J.

WITHIN A DECADE after his death, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin has gained a notoriety and renown that would have altogether amazed him during his life. He has succeeded in disturbing scientists as well as philosophers and theologians, and finds both strong support and violent opposition among Christian and non-Christian alike. He has been called a genius, a harbinger of a new and strong Christianity, and also a dangerous innovator saved from ecclesiastical condemnation by his good faith alone. For some he is a daring thinker of great depth and originality, for others simply a scientist who has wandered away from his exacting professional discipline to speak in poetic language of a personal religious experience. Although completely unsympathetic with scholasticism as he understood it, he has been called by the well-known modern scholastic Josef Pieper "one of the boldest and most spiritual of the theological thinkers of our time."

All of these paradoxical reactions to the thought of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin are in some measure justified. They spring ultimately from the paradox in the man himself and depend in large measure on the extent to which a given individual shares Teilhard's own intellectual and spiritual experience. "Above all," he once wrote his Superior General, "I feel you must resign yourself to taking me as I am, that is, with the congenital quality (or weakness) which ever since my childhood has caused my spiritual life to be completely dominated by a sort of profound 'feeling' for the organic realities of the world. At first it was an ill-defined feeling in my mind and heart, but as the years have gone by it has gradually become a precise, compelling sense of the general convergence of the universe upon itself." Later in the same letter he says that the immediate effect of this interior attitude "is to rivet me ever more firmly to three convictions which are the very marrow of Christianity. The unique significance of man as the spearhead of life; the position of Catholicism as the central axis in the converging bundle of human activities; and finally the essential function assumed by the risen Christ at the center and peak of creation to bring all things to their fulfilment."

Though by profession a geologist and paleontologist, Teilhard de Chardin was preoccupied throughout his life with the larger question of the role of man in the universe. This he felt to be a question not for philosophy and theology alone but for science as well, and his own understanding of evolution was an attempt to enlarge the traditional boundaries of science so as to include a study of the human person in relationship to the material world. One cannot, however, fully understand his thought if one believes that his analysis of man as a phenomenon constitutes his total intellectual achievement. For as a Christian, a Catholic priest, and a Jesuit, he was led to undertake a much more ambitious project: to rethink within his own distinctive evolutionary system the data of Christian revelation concerning the person of Christ. This he tried to do primarily because he believed that Christ, as God incarnate, revealed in himself not only the mystery of God but also the meaning of man, and therefore the ultimate meaning of that evolutionary process of which God is the cause and man the culmination.

Yet in addition to this he believed that the discovery of evolution was in itself of immense theological importance, since it threw a totally new light upon a theological problem as old as the epistles of St. Paul, namely the relationship of the cosmos to Christ. A satisfactory answer to this problem in terms of evolution, Teilhard felt, could do much to bridge the chasm that exists today between Christians and non-Christians on the question of building the earth. For many a good Christian, he once noted, the universe is transparent; it stands between himself and God but he does not see it at all. For the unbeliever, on the other hand, the universe is opaque and he can see nothing else. The Christian who feels himself secure in a certain avenue of escape to the next world frequently sees no ultimate value to the progress that man makes in the present one. The results of human effort precisely as human tend to have little interest for him. The unbeliever is quick to sense this ambivalence. In his eyes the planning and shaping of the modern world are of supreme importance, and he reproaches the Christian, sometimes bitterly, for his apparent lack of interest in grappling with the grimy machinery of society and identifying himself with the city of man. "How is it possible that, nine times out of ten, a believing Christian is, as regards man, a 'skeptic'? That is the great stumbling-block for the gentiles."

Hence Teilhard directs the following questions to both Christian and non-Christian: "How can the man who believes in heaven and the Cross continue to believe seriously in the value of worldly occupations? How can the believer,

©Copyright 1966 by Christopher F. Mooney, S.J. This article, by the chairman of the Theology Department at Fordham University in New York City, is a preview of his book *Teilhard de Chardin and the Mystery of Christ*, which is scheduled to be published by Harper & Row in May.

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Teilhard de Chardin

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in the name of everything that is most Christian in him, carry out his duty as man to the fullest extent and as wholeheartedly and freely as if he were on the direct road to God? That is what is not altogether clear at first sight; and in fact disturbs more minds than one thinks." An answer to these questions will show to believer and unbeliever alike how "the most traditional Christianity, expressed in Baptism, the Cross and the Eucharist, can be interpreted so as to embrace all that is best in the aspirations which are characteristic of our age."

The itinerary taken by Teilhard to find such an answer is a long and difficult one, and any attempt to summarize it here would be both superficial and misleading. Rather, what seems to be called for is an attempt to set down the chief characteristics of Teilhard's search for unity, first in his own life, then in the lives of others. For the synthesis that he attempted was personal as well as intellectual, and was the very opposite of the prevailing tendency in the intellectual disciplines today to analyze and to dissect. "Analysis," he once wrote, "that marvelous instrument of scientific research to which we owe all our advances, but which breaking down synthesis after synthesis, allows all the principles of life to escape one after the other, leaving us confronted with a pile of dismantled machinery and evanescent particles." Hence Teilhard's overriding desire was to reduce, and if possible to do away with, the dichotomies and discontinuities he found between the data of revelation and scientific research, between commitment to the eternal and commitment to the temporal, between loving God and loving the world.

Perhaps the most important characteristic of this search for unity is the fact that it is from beginning to end the expression of a personal spiritual experience. Briefly stated, this experience was a fundamental anxiety to find some meaning and outcome for human life, and the corresponding conviction that the ultimate guarantee of success for life's movement is the person of Jesus Christ. "In spite of certain appearances of dialectical exactness," he writes at the start of one of his more important essays, "the following considerations seek . . . to recount a direct psychological experience, just sufficiently reflected upon to become intelligible and communicable without losing its objective and incontestable value as a lived document." In his last theological effort shortly before his death he says again that "the pages which follow are not simply a speculative dissertation setting out the main ideas of some system thought out over a long period and cleverly put together. They are the testimony borne in all objectivity to a certain interior event, a certain spiritual experience."

Many years earlier, in 1924, he had already spoken of his total system of thought as a "bearing testimony" to what had already taken place in his own life. "Whether or not I am qualified as a philosopher, one fact will always remain, that an average man of the twentieth century, because he shared normally in the ideas and preoccupations of his time, could find equilibrium for his interior life only in a conception of Christ and the world which was at once scientific and unified; and that he found therein peace and limitless scope for personal expansion." How many others were going through this same experience? Teilhard had reason to believe that their number was very large. It was thus imperative for him to speak, "because destiny has placed me at a privileged crossroads of the world, where it has been possible for me, in my double role as priest and man of science, to be aware of two powerful currents, one human and the other divine, both passing through me in the midst of very diverse and stimulating sets of circumstances." Two years later he witnesses to the same phenomenon in a letter from China:

> The day before yesterday, before a mixed audience of Chinese and Americans, a very likable Harvard professor gave a simple and modest explanation of how he understood the dawn of thought in the animal series. I couldn't help thinking of the abyss that divides the intellectual world I was in and whose language I knew, from the theological world of Rome with whose idiom I am also familiar. At first it was something of a shock to realize that the latter could be, and indeed must be, just as real as the former; and then I told myself that now perhaps I was capable of so using the first language as to make it express correctly what the other contains but puts into words that most people can no longer understand. However far-fetched the notion might appear at first, I realized in the end that . . . Christ was not irrelevant to the problems that interest Professor Parker; it only needed a few intermediate steps to allow a transition from his positivist psychology to a certain spiritual outlook. This realization cheered me up. Ah, there lie the Indies that draw me more strongly than those of St. Francis Xavier! But what a vast problem has to be solved, no longer one of rites but of ideas, before they can be really converted!

Teilhard's belief, therefore, was that the great apostolic work of his life lay precisely in bearing testimony to the unity in his own life between Christianity and the world of science. "To tear away the mask of atheism from these new currents of thought and expose them as Christian—that is my great hope, and I need not tell you that it urges me on as a vocation." This statement from a 1916 letter is echoed in 1919: "Because I am conscious of having a very intense awareness of the aspirations deep at the heart of my age (as others have of the miseries), I feel it my duty to bear this testimony before my brothers in the apostolate, a testimony which is the fruit of a long and certain personal experience." Several years later there is the same conviction: "To point out this strong, genuine, and total coherence, this will be my whole 'apologetic.'" The Omega of evolution must be shown to be none other than the Christ of revelation, just as the God of philosophers and wise men was seen in former ages to be none other than the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

THIS "apologetic" is to be directed, Teilhard says, to Christians and non-Christians alike. "I am slowly putting together the elements of a 'divinization' (of the earth)," he wrote a close friend in 1925, "which will continue the 'hominization' . . . which I have not yet shown you. Both together will be my apologetic, an apologetic based on evolution yet whose spirit seems to be truly and equally Christian." Teilhard was well aware that modern man's unbelief is based less upon intellectual motives than upon a profound pessimism regarding the sense of existence and especially of man's future on earth. This is why his "hominization" attempts to show to the "gentiles" that without belief in a meaning and destiny for life man cannot go on living and acting, and that nature itself obliges him to have confidence in the fidelity of a God-Omega, thereby preparing the way for an acceptance of Christ who can alone guarantee man's future. His "divinization," on the other hand, tries to point out to the Christian all that is best in the world around him, since "the great schism which threatens the Church is the fact that 'Christian' and 'human' no longer tend to coincide." The Christian is thus awakened to a realization that the whole of his human effort can be Christified in its totality, if it is once seen as a meaningful participation in that continuous act of creation by which God leads mankind to its ultimate fulfilment in Him.

This first characteristic of Teilhard's theological speculation, the fact that it is an expression of a personal spiritual experience, is responsible quite naturally for its second, the fact that it is, and was

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always meant to be, tentative and partial. In spite of their boldness and daring, his writings are consistently presented to readers with a modesty that is sometimes quite surprising. He himself prayed to be kept "equally humble and bold," and wrote in 1916: "My ideas are far from being clear and need to be strongly controlled by those who are very saintly and very human." One of his early essays was written "to clarify my doctrine in my own mind and to facilitate the task of criticism and correction for those who have the right to guide me." A major theological essay, written in 1924, "in no sense pretends to furnish any definitive explanation of the world. . . . In spite of the clumsiness and approximation of the terms I use, the spiritual tendency has tried to take form in me which others will take note of later on. . . . I repeat: they will find here only a rough draft." A 1933 essay on Christology and evolution begins: "The following pages are not really completely new, and above all their form is not definitive." And that same year he writes to his friend Auguste Valensin: "The only thing I ask is that I be given advice."

Statements like the above are even to be found in such finished work as *The Phenomenon of Man*. "The views I am attempting to put forward here are, of course, largely tentative and personal." This, Teilhard insists, is almost inevitable, because what he is trying to do is to grasp reality as a whole. "While this aura of subjective interpretation may remain imperceptible where the field of observation is limited, it is bound to become practically dominant as soon as the field of vision extends to the whole." Toward the end of his book he admits that "in this arrangement of values I may have gone astray at many points. It is up to others to try to do better. My only hope is that I have made the reader feel both the reality, difficulty, and urgency of the problem and, at the same time, the scale and the form which the solution cannot escape."

When Teilhard first began in 1917 to elaborate a metaphysical theory called "creative union," he said that its "philosophical importance is obviously very limited"; and when its final draft was finished in 1948 he called it "precarious and provisional." In 1945, again writing on the delicate relationship between Christianity and evolution, he states that his aim is simply "to make an individual contribution to the common labor of the Christian conscience . . . to suggest, and not to affirm or to instruct." A letter from the same period says that "the more the years pass, the more I begin to believe that my function shall have been simply to be the one who announces and declares what is to come, like the Baptist, though in a much smaller way." Yet another letter expresses the same sentiment in 1952: "I have an awareness (and it is important that I keep it) of being an example rather than a model or pattern for what you yourself have to say. I see quite clearly that my power (or if you prefer, the reason I can have influence) does not at all come from what I have 'invented,' whatever that may be, but simply from the fact that I have found myself 'resonating' in the right way a certain vibration, a certain human and religious note, which is now in the air everywhere."

THIS second characteristic of Teilhard's search for unity, its tentative nature, explains a number of things which would be very surprising in a more finished synthesis. With a few rare exceptions, his works form a long series of relatively short, disconnected essays, all treating more or less the same themes, sometimes in the language of prose poetry, which often brings more inspiration than light. Many of his categories of thought, moreover, are derived from the scientific world in which he was immersed. When these categories are superimposed upon a religious experience and then laboriously used to articulate a theological reflection, the result is not simply a hybrid terminology, but a terminology whose content is not always clear even in Teilhard's own mind, and which inevitably leads to misunderstanding as well as misinterpretation in the minds of others. Teilhard himself was well aware of this situation, and he was content to let it stand because he was also well aware of his own inability to remedy it. "It is infinitely more worthwhile to present, for the time being, a mixture of truth and error, than to mutilate reality by trying prematurely to separate the wheat from the weeds. I have followed this Gospel principle without hesitation, since it is the principle of all research and all scientific progress."

Teilhard was thus not only willing patiently to search over the years for the expression of his vision, but also prepared to accept the risk of expressing himself badly. Indeed, many of his essays were merely private exercises, by which he sought to clarify ideas for himself. These he sometimes passed on to various theologians and friends for purposes of discussion, but a number of them he had no intention of publishing at all. Throughout these writings it is inevitably the same vision searching for its intelligible formulation. A letter from his Superior General in 1947, forbidding him to publish anything whatsoever of a philosophical or theological nature, was the occasion for him to defend this vision once more. After stating that he will naturally obey without hesitation, his reply continues: "Since 1939 (all my incriminating writings are previous to that date, I think) I have, on the advice of authorized theologians who are following my thought, made great progress toward explicitating correctly a point of view which (given my experience of the 'gentiles') seems to have a real chance to be of some service to the Kingdom of God. Do you not think it would be a shame to reject without examination a fruit which is perhaps just about to ripen? And do you not believe that the best reparation for what has been less good in my past work should be for me to produce at least something whose worth is incontestable?"

Karl Rahner has said recently that in the realm of theology it is legitimate to experiment and to work with hypotheses as long as one remembers that such experimentation may turn out to be barren when tested by the criticism of one's fellow theologians: "Theology is certainly anything but a mummified structure of thought. It can create openings for adventures of the mind and of the heart, if we have but the courage to embark upon them, and both the courage and humility to retrace our steps as soon as we become aware of having erred." Teilhard lacked neither courage nor humility, for throughout his life he knew the painful awkwardness and hesitation of all those who grope their way toward the expression of a new insight or a new interior experience. The following poignant lines, written less than a month before he died, are an eloquent testimony to this:

> How does it happen that, still intoxicated by my vision, I look all around me and find myself practically alone? How is it that I alone should have *seen*? How is it that I am incapable, if someone asks me, of citing a single author, a single work, where there is to be found clearly expressed that marvelous "diaphany" which in my eyes has transfigured everything? And,

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above all, how can it be that, "having come down from the mountain," and notwithstanding the splendor of my vision, I find myself so little better, so little pacified, so incapable of communicating to my own actions, and therefore to others, the marvelous unity in which I feel myself plunged? The universal Christ? the divine Milieu? May I not after all be simply the victim of some mental delusion? That is what I often ask myself.

This candid avowal will enable us now to see in its proper perspective the third characteristic of Teilhard's search for unity: however personal and tentative it is, there is no doubt whatsoever that its ultimate intention is to modify the current perspectives of Christian theology. What precise form such modification is eventually to take, Teilhard would have been the last to say. But its general area, he insists, is the relationship between Christ and the universe, and its dominating event the modern discovery of cosmic and organic evolution. Indeed, Teilhard's theological significance would seem to consist precisely in the fact that he tried as a scientist to come to grips with a religious and theological problem—"in the hope of making them [theologians] conscious of a situation which they can certainly face better than I, but which I can perhaps for various reasons, see more clearly than they." Theology can no longer go on simply asserting the fact that no opposition exists between Christianity and modern scientific developments. Something has to be done to demonstrate concretely how the two can exist in harmony and mutual enrichment.

It is most significant, Teilhard once wrote, that Christology in contrast to Mariology has made practically no progress at all in recent centuries. One explanation for this is that up to the present it was impossible for theologians either to conceive or to explain the Incarnation other than in terms of a static universe, just as it was impossible for the writers of the New Testament to speak of Christianity in relationship to modern social problems. Now, however, there is an opportunity to rethink the data of revelation concerning the Person of Christ within a totally different physical framework. What is even more important, such rethinking will put theologians in a position to give a truly theological significance to the whole evolutionary process. Theology cannot continue asserting that Christ is Lord of the universe and at the same time abandon an intelligence of that universe to disciplines incapable of explaining its divine meaning. To do so would be to acquiesce in a stagnant theology, unfaithful to itself as well as to its long tradition of renewal and adaptation.

It should be noted that the question here concerns changes in the formulation and expression of Christian revelation, not in the revelation itself. "It is quite natural," said John XXIII at the start of the Second Vatican Council, "that innovations of times and of circumstances suggest different forms and attitudes of external transmission and of clothing the doctrine itself. But the living substance is always purity of evangelical and apostolic truth in perfect conformity with the teachings of the Holy Church." No one was more aware of this than Teilhard. "Truth, even revealed truth, is preserved only by a continual effort to possess it," he wrote during the First World War; and in 1942 he insisted that "theology evolves, not by adding to or subtracting from its content, but by a relative emphasis and de-emphasis in its treatment [of revelation], the process leading each time to the 'emergence' of a concept or an attitude that is more richly synthetic." This distinction between a transcendent Christian faith and its theological formulation at any given historical period is what enabled the Fathers to assimilate Greek culture and St. Thomas to assimilate Aristotle, and today theologians are once again giving it very serious consideration.

The threat of Modernism at the turn of the century made the church extremely vigilant that the data of revelation remain intact under changing formulations. In fact the whole Modernist movement tended to create the impression that between modern thought and traditional church teaching there could be no compatibility at all. If Teilhard de Chardin has a special mission in the church, it would seem to be to remove this impression once and for all. Nor is it without significance that, whereas such modern thinkers as Rudolf Bultmann can see only rupture between the today's world outlook and the "mythical" data of the New Testament, Teilhard keeps insisting that this same world outlook can ultimately be understood only by the light of this data, and that in the last resort only Christian faith can grasp the full meaning of the obscure human searchings present in every scientific achievement. "Teilhard went further than anyone else," Cardinal König has said, "in dedicating himself to the task of finding positive evidence of agreement between science and religion. Would it not be worthwhile for groups to follow up his basic ideas?" No one indeed had greater faith in these ideas than Teilhard himself, and this faith he reasserted once more a few weeks before he died in 1955:

> All over the earth at this moment, at the heart of the new spiritual atmosphere created by the appearance of the idea of evolution, there flow the currents of love of God and faith in the world, the one extremely sensitive to the other. . . . In me, by pure chance (temperament, education, milieu . . .), the ratio of each has been favorable and their fusion has taken place spontaneously—too weak yet to be propagated with explosive force, but still sufficient to make it clear that fusion is possible and that some day or other the chain reaction will come.

The Axis of Evolution: In its early, naïve stage, science, perhaps inevitably, imagined that we could observe things in themselves, as they would behave in our absence. Instinctively physicists and naturalists went to work as though they could look down from a great height upon a world which their consciousness could penetrate without being submitted to it or changing it. They are now beginning to realize that even the most objective of their observations are steeped in the conventions they adopted at the outset and by forms or habits of thought developed in the course of their research; so that, when they reach the end of their analyses they cannot tell with any certainty whether the structure they have made is the essence of the matter they are studying, or the reflection of their own thought. . . .

When studied narrowly in himself by anthropologists or jurists, man is a tiny, even a shrinking, creature. His overpronounced individuality conceals from our eyes the whole to which he belongs. . . .

The time has come to realize that an interpretation of the universe—even a positivist one—remains unsatisfying unless it covers the interior as well as the exterior of things; mind as well as matter. The true physics is that which will, one day, achieve the inclusion of man in his wholeness in a coherent picture of the world. . . .

In fact I doubt whether there is a more decisive moment for a thinking being than when the scales fall from his eyes and he discovers that he is not an isolated unit lost in the cosmic solitudes, and realizes that a universal will to live converges and is hominized in him.

In such a vision man is seen not as a static center of the world—as he for long believed himself to be—but as the axis and leading shoot of evolution, which is something much finer.

—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin in *The Phenomenon of Man.*

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Montaigne's Essays

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE MEDAL Montaigne had struck as the symbol of himself bore the words "*Que scais-je?*" What can I know? He was the inventor of the empiric ego. He was the inventor of the word *essai* applied to a literary form. The title of his collection, *Essais,* did not mean then what we mean. In fact it still doesn't in French, but rather "assay" or the noun to our verb "to essay." For Montaigne, existence was an experiment. The subject was experience; the instrument was the self, defined in terms of the experiment. *Expérience* in French also means experiment. Since Montaigne there has always existed and sometimes flourished one type of characteristically Gallic personality that makes a principle of the equivocation experience-experiment, and in literature it presents its products as essays in Montaigne's sense. Raymond Queneau's "*Nicolas chien d'experience*" ("Nicholas, The Experimental Dog"), one of the most comic modern poems, not only depends on this equivocation but might well stand as a parable of the Montaignian spirit in France and of Montaigne himself. So Gertrude Stein on her deathbed—"What is the answer?" and after a few minutes, "What is the question?" A very French death.

There is no answer, no *Quod erat demonstratum* at the end of a logical operation, but an attitude at the end of a lifelong, inconclusive experiment:

> I have suffered rheumes, gowty defluxions, pantings of the heart, megreimes and other such-like accidents, to grow old in me, and die their naturall death; all which have left me, when I halfe enured and framed my selfe to foster them. They are better conjured by curtesie, then by bragging or threats. *We must gently obey and endure the lawes of our condition.*

In the final essay, significantly titled "On Experience," epistemology becomes not the reduction of psychology to logic but the basic concern of a kind of psychosomatic medicine, a matter of mind-body "tone." This is the Stoic law of obedience to nature so reiterated by Marcus Aurelius—but the slight difference in mood results in a fundamental difference in meaning.

Because he was afflicted with one of the most painful, in his day incurable but seldom fatal, diseases—kidney stone—the latter part of Montaigne's life was a long medical experiment, and the *Essays* throughout are haunted by the spirit of Hippocrates and Aesculapius. Today such a description would mean that Montaigne would be a hypochondriac, fascinated by his own morbidity. He was quite the opposite. Paragraph after paragraph in "On Experience" are the first French prose poems, written in wry humor to the stone, in thankfulness that the touch of death, so sharp yet so fleeting and easily sustained, has taught him wisdom. The rhythms of Montaigne at his most lyric survive in the prose poems of Leon-Paul Fargue, the greatest prose poet of the twentieth century and a very Montaigne reborn in the cafés of Faubourg St. Germain between the wars.

Marcus Aurelius struggling on his throne and in his purple tent to achieve unruffled acceptance of life was a moral hypochondriac tortured by scruple, the resulting virtue a kind of anguished amiability. Montaigne, writing of the most gruesome subjects, radiates an active joy. His scruples are those of the chemical laboratory, never of the couch or confessional. The dilemmas that create the tensions in Marcus Aurelius are met by Montaigne with the simplest possible solutions of ethical activism, the commonplace relations of a country gentleman with common people, with Henry the Fourth or the woodcutter on the estate.

Of course it was the historical situation that made Montaigne possible. The viciousness of all parties in the wars of religion had canceled out all ideologies. Montaigne is a kind of passive Henry the Fourth. "Paris is worth a Mass"—by this the French have always known that their greatest king meant not the crown but a great city in which there are more than 120,000 persons who do not know their right hand from their left—and also much cattle. We think of Montaigne as the begetter of the English secular sensibility at its most acute, and we trace his influence on Shakespeare and Bacon and Locke, but we must not forget that his great popularity in seventeenth-century England also helped to form the peculiarly English tradition of sweet-tempered spirituality. Hooker, Browne, Jeremy Taylor, even William Law and the Quaker Barclay, learned from Montaigne to respond with an amiability new to the Christian Church to the old questions that burned men alive—the older, and newer, answer that turns away wrath. When Barclay, questioned about the sacrament of Holy Communion, replies, "I do not think that I ever broke bread or drank wine without being conscious of Christ's body broken and his blood shed for me," he is returning an answer Montaignian in temper. It is this temper, forged in the most troubled period in European history before the twentieth century, that is Montaigne's specific contribution to civilization, and it is the essence of civilization itself. In its own day it seemed utterly without influence, yet it made its way. Weariness stopped the wars of religion, but skeptical magnanimity healed their wounds. Who can be sure that it is, as it seems to be, ultimately failing in our own time? Retiring to his sun-gilded tower on his country estate, unguarded, his gates open to all factions, and surviving amid the pillagings and burnings of religious war, it might seem that Montaigne the skeptic renounced all effectiveness and responsibility. The man who questioned the very existence of the Stoic-ordered cosmos without and constantly questioned the evidences of an interior moral cosmos to discover if they were delusions—such a man might be said to represent in history the final resignation of Plato's guardian, the philosopher aristocrat. On the contrary, Montaigne was more like the indifferent Bodhisattva or Taoist sage devoted to government by inaction—*wu wei*—the scholar statesman who left high office for a thatched cabin among mountains and waterfalls and whose meditations were the most powerful force in Chinese civilization. "A wistful tolerance so rare in that age," said Walter Pater, "was the outstanding trait of Montaigne's character." So rare in any age.

One of the great classics of English prose is the John Florio translation read by Shakespeare, available in a Modern Library Giant and many other editions. The best accurate modern translation is by Donald M. Frame, Stanford University Press. There is an excellent selection translated by J. M. Cohen in Penguin Classics.

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Not According to the Appearance

NOT LONG AGO in Tulsa, Oklahoma, doctors discovered a seventeen-year-old boy with the I.Q. of a genius who had spent two-thirds of his life in a school for the mentally retarded. There was nothing wrong with the boy's mind, a routine examination quickly revealed, but he did have an undisclosed handicap. He was deaf. The child had been sent to a state institution in Enid at the age of five but recently had been transferred to the Hissom Memorial Center near Tulsa, a modern school emphasizing remedial rather than custodial care. The boy's true mental state was revealed when an employee left a transistor radio kit on a work table and the young genius, after studying intricate wiring diagrams he could not read, assembled the radio, which played perfectly. What had happened was that the boy had been so bright all his life that he had learned how he thought he was supposed to act—like the mentally retarded children around him. Being deaf and alone, he got along as best he knew how—by pretending to be stupid, by adjusting to his environment. He is now attending a school for the deaf where he has had to begin instruction at the primer level. But before long he's expected to be studying at a level his I.Q. long ago fitted him for.

Or take the case of Al Smith, a poor boy from the old Fourth Ward under the Brooklyn Bridge whose formal education at St. James's parochial school nearby was interrupted while he was still a child. On the death of his father, who had been a sometime truckman, the boy was forced to go to work to support his sister and his mother and, after a variety of jobs, settled down as a checker at the old Fulton fish market, where he stayed almost a decade. Not many New Yorkers, let alone those in the West and South who later jeered his manners and fish-market accent, would have wagered that Alfred Emanuel Smith would one day serve four terms as Governor of New York, would fight—successfully and prophetically—for proper care of the insane, for adequate housing, improved factory laws, state parks, child welfare, and businesslike reorganization of the state government, or that he would be a candidate for President of the United States. His intelligence was there all the time under the façade of accent and technical illiteracy.

There was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries one Anton van Leeuwenhoek, who did menial jobs in Amsterdam but in his spare time fussed with microscopes and, a century and a half before Louis Pasteur, announced to the world the structure and movement of bacteria. The only trouble was that Leeuwenhoek had had little formal education, could not read and write Latin and Greek at a time when this was essential to scholarship, and, in consequence, was ignored by the stuffy academic community and his advanced microscopy ridiculed. Having little or no scientific plan or education to help his researches along, this town janitor's startling discoveries were not wholly accepted in his lifetime, a point of great bitterness to him, and he was shunned and berated by the academic establishment. But, like Galileo, he knew what he knew, though it took the world almost two centuries to catch up to him. In the eyes of society he was an uneducated, perhaps even a stupid, man, but to the history of medicine, microscopy, and research he is a genius.

Nor was a Negro named George Washington Carver precisely to the manor born. A son of slave parents, Carver overcame every conceivable obstacle to obtain an education in an era when even north of the Mason-Dixon Line an educated Negro was regarded as something of a freak, even a menace. By the time he was thirty, young Carver had worked his way through school and been awarded a Bachelor of Science degree from Iowa State. He stayed at Ames two more years, earning a Master of Science, then began to teach at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Eventually Dr. Carver persuaded Southern planters (white ones, at that) to replace soil-exhausting cotton with soil-enriching peanuts and sweet potatoes. From the peanut, Dr. Carver made some 300 products including flour, ink, soap, and, above all, peanut butter. It is hard to imagine what the United States, and the world for that matter, would do today without peanut butter and we might not now enjoy its amazing low-cost protein if the son of slaves had "kept his place" and not driven himself and his splendid brain to fruitful maturity. Once again, here was a genius risen from retarded circumstances.

THE point is, of course, that a handicap, either physical or environmental, does not necessarily mean permanent prohibition from fame, fortune, and fulfilment. Alexander Hamilton was an illegitimate child, Milton and Homer were blind, Beethoven probably never heard his heroic last symphonies as deafness closed in upon him, Franklin Roosevelt was a four-term President in a wheelchair. Helen Keller's unmatched courage magically overcame the triple handicap of blindness, deafness, and, in consequence, inability to speak. The electrical wizard Steinmetz and the great French writer Voltaire overcame twisted bodies to go on to benefit all mankind. So, we were delighted to read the other day the story from Tulsa of the deaf seventeen-year-old genius discovered in a school for the mentally retarded and we hope he goes on to the usefulness staked out for him after chance and remedial care rescued him from obscurity and moved him into the mainstream of a society that condemned him to oblivion in the first place. It would be difficult to find a better proof of the Biblical admonition "Judge not according to the appearance." In this and many another human life, society's judgment would have been dead wrong.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nature—Friend or Foe?

HIGH PRAISE IS due Eric Hoffer for his article "A Strategy for the War with Nature" [*SR*, Feb. 5]. His account of his confrontations with nature is nothing less than an affirmation of man's ability to cope with his natural environment. This fresh approach to man's competence when it comes to dealing with the elements was very enlightening indeed. . . .

WILLIAM G. FARQUER.

Bethlehem, Pa.

I WOULD LIKE to thank Mr. Hoffer for his excellent article on man *vs.* nature. Maintaining civilization is indeed a battle and, as a housewife with a big yard, a big house, and three little children, I feel as if I'm in the front lines. I wage a never-ending struggle against bugs and weeds in the yard, dirt in the house, and the savage in my children.

MRS. WILLIAM C. PRENTISS.

DeLand, Fla.

I HAVE SELDOM, if ever, been as appalled by any suggested solution to man's problems as that presented by Eric Hoffer in his article "A Strategy for the War with Nature." His plan to "domesticate the whole of the globe" by eradicating all plants and animals that are not "civilized" would most certainly not make "the whole land mass a fit habitation for man," but quite the reverse.

Mr. Hoffer's view of nature as actively hostile is no less romantic than the opposing one of a benevolent natural world. Throughout the article both his reasoning and his transitions are fuzzy. In discussing the early days of the Industrial Revolution he states: "It was as if nature had infiltrated the metal of the machines and subverted the manmade world." Surely it must be obvious that, on the contrary, such would be the inevitable result of man's "conquering" nature. The reason Mr. Hoffer has "not come across a clarion call to mankind to abandon war between brothers and mobilize all its energies in a titanic struggle with the nonhuman universe" is that while men may be foolish enough to think they can conquer their fellows, the majority are not foolish enough to destroy the very world in which they live. The reason he "can count on the fingers of one hand unequivocal expressions of the eternal enmity between man and nature" is that no such enmity exists. Man is a part of nature and moves by natural forces. Certainly he is sufficiently sophisticated to feel no longer a need to supplicate and propitiate those forces, but to attempt to destroy all that is natural would inevitably lead to total annihilation of both man and his world. Such self-destruction is precisely what mankind, plagued by overpopulation, is unwittingly approaching. . . .

HAROLD L. BOUDREAU.

Amherst, Mass.

THREE CHEERS for Eric Hoffer for his remarkably perspicacious recognition of the true source of man's anguish: nature. If only our Congressional leaders shared this penetrating insight, perhaps we would see a termination of their inconceivable procrastination in refusing to unleash our nuclear stockpiles on our national forests, recreation parks, and mountain and sea resorts. With Mr. Hoffer's recommendations, we could, I'm sure, rest secure in our realization that long-range plans were being formulated to destroy our moon, our sun, the stars, and all those meaningless nebulae.

I feel certain that Mr. Hoffer will think of even more exciting plans. I shall be content to play a more minor role. Excuse me now, for I'm off to trample rose bushes, upset aquariums, spit on the beach, and—most important of all—hurl insults at those damned intellectuals!

GLYNN W. COULTER.

Long Beach, Calif.

Taking a Stand

THE ARTICLE by Karl Schriftgiesser on the passage of the Employment Act of 1946 [*SR*, Jan. 8] misrepresents, by omission of certain important facts, the role played by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in the passage of P.L. 304, which established the Council of Economic Advisers and the Joint Economic Committee.

The facts omitted by Mr. Schriftgiesser are documented in Stephen Kemp Bailey's *Congress Makes a Law*, from which Mr. Schriftgiesser quotes. Referring to discussion of S. 380, the Senate bill, Dr. Bailey states in his book (page 140): "A discussion of the contribution of the Chamber to the drafting of the House bill must wait until a later chapter, but it must be noted here that its clear preference for the House Committee's version as against the Senate-passed version of S. 380, *and its agreement with recommendations for some sort of governmental planning mechanism*, were not lost on the conservative leaders of the House committee" (italics supplied). Subsequently Dr. Bailey notes that the positions taken on the House bill by both the Committee for Economic Development and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce were essentially the same and not, as implied by Mr. Schriftgiesser, essentially different.

CARL H. MADDEN,
Director, Economic Research,
U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Schriftgiesser Replies

MR. MADDEN is correct in stating that the United States Chamber of Commerce contributed support if no ideas to the final (House) version of the Employment Act of 1946, and I was correct in stating that the Chamber opposed S. 380, the version originally passed by the Senate. Dr. Bailey, to whom we are all indebted, says on page 139 of *Congress Makes a Law:* "After passage of the bill in the Senate, the Chamber's Board of Directors, at its meeting on November 30 [1945] expressed opposition to the Senate-passed version of S. 380. . . ." The Chamber thus came late to the support of the provision for "an economic planning mechanism of some sort in the Executive and Legislative branches" (Bailey, page 165) and its support undoubtedly carried considerable weight in the House, where, to all intents and purposes, the Employment Act of 1946 as it now stands was written.

I might add for the sake of history that no one from the Chamber ever testified in behalf of or against S. 380 before either the House or Senate committees, and that many local Chambers of Commerce vigorously propagandized against passage of the bill in any form (see my *Business Comes of Age*, pages 93-94).

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER.

New York, N.Y.

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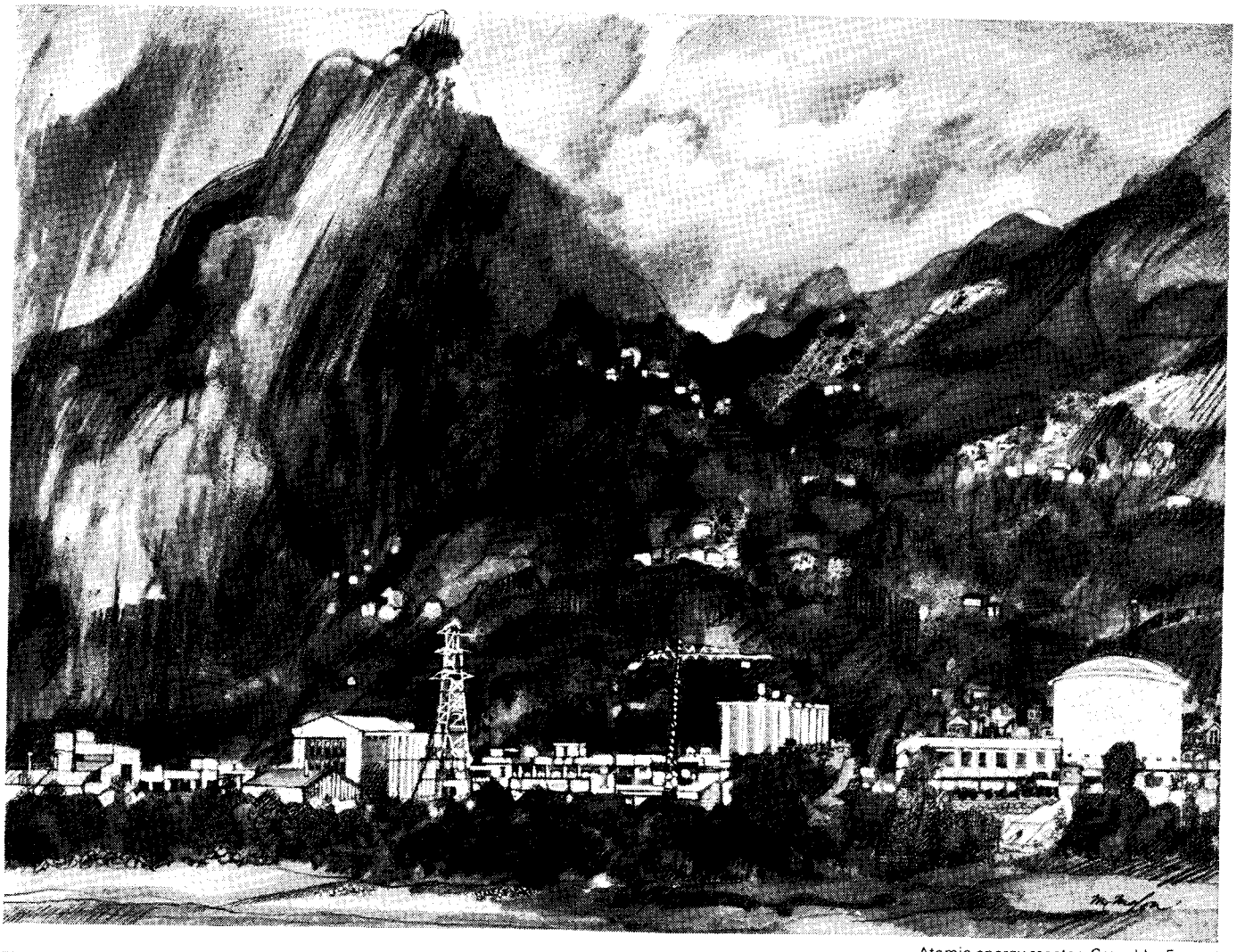

Atomic energy reactor, Grenoble, France

Because It's There

The mere existence of a challenge—a mountain to climb or an atom to split—stimulates mankind to strive for mastery. But the skill and courage that carried the day in the past are no longer sufficient. In the age of nuclear energy and space exploration, vast knowledge is required.

Rand McNally contributes to the world-wide diffusion of knowledge by publishing books, maps, atlases, and globes, and by manufacturing books for other publishers in our extensive printing and binding plants. We are here because the challenge is there.

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18 Check List of the Week's New Books
29 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Made in USA," by Alfred Kern, and "The Wizard of Loneliness," by John Nichols
30 Letters to the Book Review Editor
31 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
32 Churchill's Last Years, by Roy Howells
33 The Romantic Way: Four Women in Pursuit of an Ideal, by Vincent Cronin
34 The American People and China, by A. T. Steele; Formosa Betrayed, by George H. Kerr; America and China, by Chang Hsin-hai
36 Pick of the Paperbacks
38 A Wilderness of Mirrors, by Max Frisch
39 Dink's Blues, by Marilyn Hoff; Crazy February, by Carter Wilson
39 My Escape from the CIA (and Other Improbable Events), by Hughes Rudd
40 An Acre of Grass, by J. I. M. Stewart
40 Criminal Record

LITERARY HORIZONS

Labor Leader's Love Lost

IF I have found a first novel interesting in one way or another, I am naturally curious about the author's second try. Several years ago I read a novel by Alfred Kern called *The Width of Waters,* about a sesquicentennial celebration in a small Pennsylvania town. Avoiding the folksy touches such a subject might seem to invite, Kern made a serious and in part successful attempt to show the complexities of contemporary life as reflected in small-town happenings.

Now Kern has written *Made in USA* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), a novel about the labor movement in the Sixties. In the Thirties and earlier, when the labor struggle was in a heroic phase, it attracted many novelists; but unionism rarely figures in fiction of the last ten or fifteen years. Labor unions are so big, so well entrenched, so bureaucratic, and at least on the surface so respectable that they have little dramatic appeal. But, as Kern shows, the subject has something to offer a man who knows what he's talking about.

The hero is Stephen Hamner, a man who has grown up in the labor movement and has become a member of the headquarters staff of the United Ore and Metal Workers in Pittsburgh. He has done his job diligently—"In behalf of shorter hours, more leisure time, even sabbatical leaves for workers, Hamner often worked a twelve-hour day, some days longer"—but he has had fun along the way. Now he is being sent to Braden, where he grew up, to assist Michael Suk, the ailing district director. He does not like the idea of returning to Braden and confronting his wife, from whom he has long been estranged, and their son, about whom he feels guilty; but he has to do what his chief tells him to.

Hamner finds that he has three fights on his hands. In the first place, other union officials are as eager to succeed Mike Suk as he is, and he needs all his skill as a political strategist. In the second place, several members are involved in the numbers racket, and their connections are such that he cannot dispose of them as summarily as he had hoped. In the third place, the largest local industry is about to be closed. It is to be noted that two of these fights are within the union, and the third conflict, though it develops between capital and labor, has to be waged in terms of contracts and other legal documents, not by direct action. Through all this, Hamner is in trouble with his wife and worried about his son. And there is a young woman to whom he is attentive.

The style is lively, tough, and not always for the genteel. Here is a typically sardonic passage:

> Rimersburgh has an intersection much like Hillandale except that the Chevy garage sells "OK Used Cars OK" in Rimersburgh and Ford owns the intersection in Hillandale where Gulf, Shell, and Esso have Clean Rest Rooms, Ice Machines (24 Hour Service) and Mechanic on Duty. Driving north some may prefer the Rimersburgh Tastee-Freez to the Hillandale Dairy Queen just as many women swear by Silliman's Econowash over Sully's Wash-O-Matic; some Hillandale people drive to Rimersburgh Trailer Sales and other Rimersburgh people drive to Hillandale Mobile American Life. Turn right for Homes Open to Inspection and swing left for Veterans No Down Payment Immediate Occupancy Financed on Premises. Approaching Marshallton, you have your choice of Drive-in Monuments or Evergreen Memorial Gardens where you may not have a gravestone but do have a Roadside Chapel (recorded organ music continuously playing) and where urns for flowers are provided at uniform distances from equidistant grave markers. Purchase the flowers in the new shopping plaza where children race Go-carts every Sunday afternoon.

We see the world in which Steve Hamner lives, and we see that he is pretty well adapted to that world. But Kern, I gather, is trying to say more than that. He is interested in Hamner not merely as a labor organizer but also as a human being, and the novel is as much concerned with Hamner's human failure as with his organizational success. At the end Steve, sitting down before the TV to watch the late show, realizes that a favorite Humphrey Bogart film is being presented, but, as Kern says with rather too obvious symbolism, "He just couldn't get the picture." What bothers me is that I am not sure Kern really gets the picture, though he sees and vividly reproduces some important parts of it.

John Nichols, a younger man than Alfred Kern, published his first novel, *The Sterile Cuckoo,* a year or so ago. I picked it up, as I pick up many books, and, as doesn't often happen, was moved to read it through. *The Sterile Cuckoo* seemed to me the best of many novels I have recently read about sex and the younger generation. For one thing, it presented a heroine who was both attractive and credible and for the most part unstereotyped. For another, I was impressed by the skill with which the author let the narrator expose himself as a heel.

Nichols's second novel, *The Wizard of Loneliness* (Putnam, $5.95), is the story of the transformation of a ten-year-old boy, Wendall Oler. With his mother dead, with his father in the Marines (the time is 1944), Wendall is sent to live

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with his grandparents in Vermont. When he arrives, Wendall is a difficult child, contrary, malicious, precocious, skilled in discomforting his elders. In the course of a year he learns to play games, to stand up and fight, to say his prayers, to love his grandfather, and, in short, to be and to behave like a normal American boy.

If the summary suggests that the novel is a little bit on the corny side, I'm afraid it's fair enough. There are other themes besides the metamorphosis of Wendall: there is an uncle, John T., who is frustrated because a physical handicap has kept him out of the war and because his girl is obstinately virginal; there is an aunt whose husband, killed in the war, is not the father of her child; there is the grandfather, the good Doctor Oler, with his nagging wife; and there is a mysterious stranger, who of course turns out to be so-and-so. But the story of Wendall is central, and, alas, it is not convincing. It is difficult to believe in him as a bad boy and impossible to accept him as a good one.

The Sterile Cuckoo was no masterpiece, but it was fresh and honest, and, though there were juvenile touches, I felt in it an essential maturity. I wonder how *The Wizard of Loneliness* happens to be so inferior. Some of the elements seem to be so close to slickness and so appealing to the tender-minded that one might suspect Nichols of trying to fabricate a best-seller, but I somehow doubt it. Surely everyone is entitled to at least one mistake. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1177

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1177 will be found in the next issue.

KX KZ S WGKLNKWAR BC OFPSL

LSXFGR XB OSXR XOBZR IOBP

JBF OSYR KLUFGRE.

—XSNKXFZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1176

When you have got an elephant by the hind leg, and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run.
—Abraham Lincoln.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

No Outsiders to Our Times

I have read nothing by Louis Auchincloss, but Granville Hicks's review of *The Embezzler* [Feb. 5] strikes me as an unfair piece of criticism. If Auchincloss lacks James's "insight" and "stylistic subtlety," Mr. Hicks does not prove it by citing examples from the novel itself. . . .

Why is it necessary to show the influence of Proust, Joyce, and Kafka, as Mr. Hicks seems to assume? If he favors experimentation, wouldn't it be truly experimental now to depart from these high priests? I am fond of all three, but I see no reason for every author to imitate them.

Insight into human folly and grandeur, the presentation of a world that has some meaning and order, characters that come alive, a tightly constructed plot, the spinning of a good yarn—couldn't these be accomplished with any level of society and with any form? The issue here is really an author's skill, not his choice of subject or form. Mr. Hicks has based his review on the assumption that "Whatever is, is right." Ethnic or lower-class subjects and experimental styles are the order of the day; Auchincloss has given us neither; therefore his book is uninteresting. Such seems to be the groundwork for this review. Please, if Auchincloss is not a master of his craft, let us have an analysis of the reasons for his failure, a critique based on the faults of the book itself, not on a critic's personal preferences in style and subject. And spare us implications that one kind of character is better or "belongs more truly to our times" than another.

Joan W. Teller.

Chicago, Ill.

Bully for Hemingway, Bellow, Malamud, and O'Connor. But there are other writers writing about different topics. Mr. Hicks's whining is reminiscent of the complaints of the Thirties against nonproletarian literature. Louis Auchincloss has chosen his field and deserves to be judged within it, not because of it. Mr. Hicks would be a much more enjoyable reviewer if he would review. In the Feb. 5 issue, he failed to do so.

Robert B. Merkin.

Washington, D.C.

Safe in Repose

After reading John Warner's review of *Unsafe at Any Speed: The Designed-In Dangers of the American Automobile*, by Ralph Nader [*SR*, Jan. 5], I had some thoughts contrary to those of the author. . . . Mr. Nader's allegation that most accidents are caused by a deterioration in the quality of motor cars may to a certain extent be true, but is mostly heresy [*sic*]. A car is not inherently dangerous while in repose at curbside. But it most certainly can become a lethal weapon when a *human being* slips behind the steering column. . . . If Mr. Nader wants a lower accident rate, why doesn't he push for more stringent driving tests and periodic re-examinations of current license-holders?

James F. Freda.

Washington, D.C.

Equally Honored

May I set the record straight? Sterling North, in his review of my *Days of Henry Thoreau* [*SR*, Jan. 15], seems to find some special significance in the fact that Martin Luther King's name appears before Edwin Way Teale's name on my dedication page. He overlooked the fact that the names were carefully placed in alphabetical order—which is, I believe, the standard way to indicate equality in any list of names. I did not in any way intend to derogate either man. It was my intention to honor them equally.

Walter Harding.

Genesco, N.Y.

Sterling North's light dismissal of Thoreau prompts me to cite a modern-day classic in the implications of civil disobedience: the Nuremberg trials. The heroes to emerge out of the Third Reich were not those who obeyed authority but those who defied it. The trials have reiterated, if you please, Thoreau's contention that a man is first a man and a subject afterward. Thus, however undramatic the circumstances surrounding Thoreau's imprisonment, his meditations on the matter seem to bear a quality of timelessness. No one has been able to settle, for all of us, the matter of ultimate authority. . . .

Myrtle Locken.

Sheridan, Wyo.

Inadequate Response

Thank you for reviewing *Beyond the Cold War*, by Marshall D. Shulman [*SR*, Jan. 22]. I have long believed that sheer anti-Communism "is not an adequate response to the total situation in which we live." Our obsession with anti-Communism has become a substitution for foreign policy and it reveals a basic misunderstanding of the forces at work in our world.

Walter T. Durham.

Gallatin, Tenn.

Six-Sixths Read

I did so finish reading *The Magus* before I reviewed it [*SR*, Jan. 15] and categorically deny Howard A. Burton's statement [Letters to the Book Review Editor, Feb. 5] that I didn't. My review said that I read five-sixths of the book with enjoyment, implying clearly (I thought) that I read the final hundred pages without any.

Nicholas Samstag.

New York, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Max Frisch is not the only European dramatist who is busily and successfully revising his plays. Jean Giono has also been hard at it. Most Americans know Giono not for his theater, of course, but for his novels, evocative as garlic, on peasant life in Provence, which Fernandel and Raimu brought to the screen. The Sarah Bernhardt Theater now has a hit in a revised Giono play, *La Calèche (The Carriage).* The first version was played at the Vieux-Colombier during the postwar period when Giono had just come blinking out of six months in prison for his *Vichysme.* The critics then were less than enthusiastic.

Set in Milan during the Napoleonic occupation of Northern Italy, *La Calèche* displays the intriguing and heroic defiance of an Italian patriot, including his involvement of a diva from La Scala in partisan activity. The lady slowly evolves from a collaborationist and mistress of a French hussar into a latterday Judith, twice enduring prison (as did Giono himself) and confronting death along with the Carbonari, who were resolved to free Italy from both French and Austrians. We are a long way from the peasants of *Regain (Harvest)* and *Colline (Hillside),* with their idealism and stoic faith. Yet idealism and faith are here, too, even though the old pacifist who refused to be conscripted against Hitler now seems to approve of political activism.

Considering this play and Giono's earlier *Hussar on the Roof,* most critics are speaking again of a Stendhalian Giono. Yet it seems to me that this play about the Resistance hero and the soprano from La Scala derives less from Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* than from Sardou's (later, Puccini's) *La Tosca.*

As the year started, *der Bestseller* in Germany was not one of the new indictments of the cruelties of Hitler or Nazism, which would at first glance seem to have taken over the theater. It is a novel by Peter Bamm, based on another would-be world conqueror, Alexander the Great, and it is outselling respectively such notorious prose as Adenauer's *Memoirs,* the controversial *Life with Picasso,* which has done equally well here, and Bellow's *Herzog.* In *Alexander, or the World in Transformation* (Droemer, Zurich) Bamm claims to probe for fuller meaning, applicable to the present, in the fabulous life and achievements of the Macedonian king. If the critics unanimously object that his recreation of the ancient monarch lacks the color of those by Klaus Mann or Maurice Druon, they are embarrassed at having to explain the hunger of the public for an epic about a power-mad autocrat, even one given a patina of humanitarianism.

It is hard to decide whether the book's subject or its inherent inadequacy is responsible for their irritation that this bit of *Trivialliteratur* should grace the top of the list.

I cannot seem to throw away an announcement that the scholars of the Gorki Institute of World Literature in Moscow have embarked on a ten-volume history of world literature. It is a bit of intelligence fraught with significance. I do not mean, of course, that this will be the definitive universal history of literature among the several which have come out of Europe during the past two or three decades. Certain types of writing will obviously receive short shrift. The announcement does not hide the fact that a one-sided, even polemic, purpose is to be served: "Modern man, heir to the great cultural achievements, must understand that world literary history is the chronicle of the intense struggle of humanistic thinking against reactionary, stagnant forces and tendencies . . . The best writers were always connected with the socio-liberation and humanistic strivings of mankind." One foresees that Stalin Prize-winners will get much more space than will Nobel Prize-winners.

No, the significance of this project is contained in the stipulation that full attention will be devoted to "literatures not pertaining to the West European tradition." This is a sensitive point on which the Russians are more alert than we, and is specifically the strength of the program of the Gorki Institute, a type of research center nonexistent in America. In Asia, North Africa, and Europe last year I heard frequent mention of the Gorki Institute, a cultural clearing house which is at the same time a triumph of diplomacy and propaganda. For it interests itself in the literatures of all the world, including the Afro-Asian, organizing courses and lectures, translating, and publishing.

Whatever one may think of the Soviet view of literature as an exclusively sociopolitical phenomenon, this attitude was old in the West even before it inspired the *Aeneid.* The Russians, moreover, are entirely right in recognizing that national pride is to some extent underpinned by a nation's literary achievements. A fraction of the millions we have spent so hopefully in Indonesia, for example, might have brought in a greater and more lasting harvest of friendship and respect from 100,000,000 people had we used it for a program of translation, publication, and publicizing of the works of Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana, Amir Hamzah, Armijn Pane, and other talents working in the national language, Bahasa Indonesia. We may be sure that the Gorki Institute is making such authors available in Russian.

Even divested of its psychological or propagandistic value, an American Institute of World Literature would make sense in the world's most internationally committed nation. For the cost of a week's warfare we could establish such a center. Several existing agencies in the United States could coordinate their

"Put me back the way I was."

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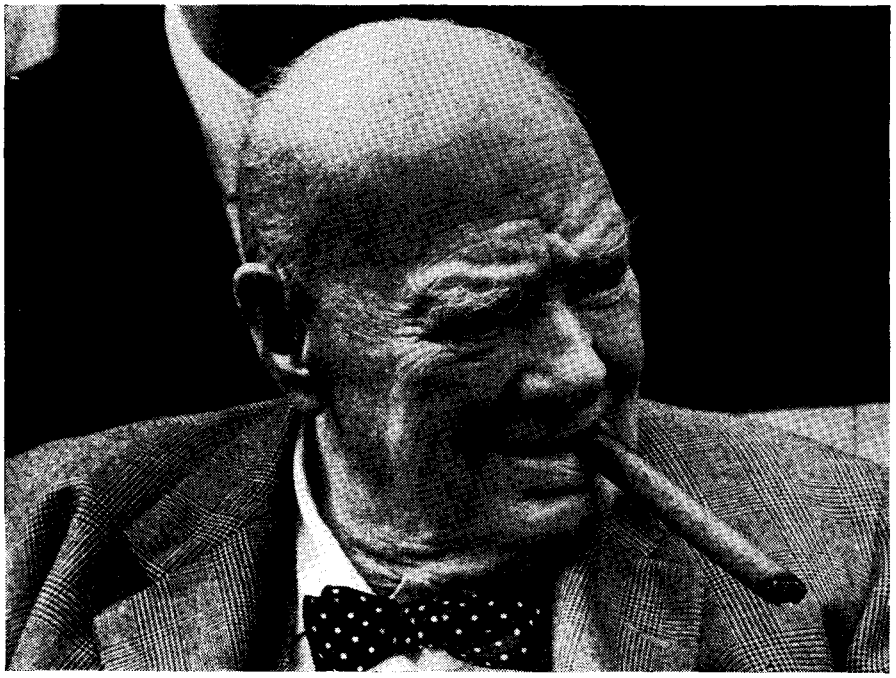
efforts with it—the Asia Society, the Latin American Translation Project of the AAUP, the UNESCO translation program, and others.

A generation ago it was hardly possible to find congresses discussing in the same breath the novel and the cinema. Nor had the upstart art of the film made any inroads into the European universities. The producers themselves were partly to blame, having attempted, with lamentable results, to film masterpieces like *Madame Bovary* before they had mastered their own art. Slowly and inevitably, better versions of novels by Dostoevsky, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Dickens, and others (including the above-mentioned Giono) showed the tremendous potential of this marriage of the arts. The bibliography on cinema and literature is now considerable, Minard in Paris being the latest publisher to join the lists. A sign of the changing times was the meeting of Proust scholars at Illiers (EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, Oct. 3, 1964) for the purpose of discussing with leading film critics and producers how Proust's *Recherche* might be made into a motion picture. Another sign was last year's award of a special Cannes Prize to Expanding Cinema's feature film of several passages from *Finnegans Wake*.

It is not surprising that more and more congresses are now being devoted to this topic, the most recent being that at Sorrento organized by the film historian Giulio Cesare Castello and the director Alberto Lattuada. The consensus reached by the participants is that the film-oriented novelist should never, even as he writes it, expect to have full autonomy over his novel; that the film will eventually have an identity of its own, but that at least the inherent greatness of a novel can more easily inspire greatness in a film. Two quotations tended to support this conclusion. The first is from Robbe-Grillet's scenario for the *Immortelle*: "The book which you are about to read has no pretensions of being a book by itself. The book is the film, as you will see and hear it in the cinema. Here you find only a description of what would be for an opera the libretto, musical score, and instructions for staging and playing."

Lattuada is even more dogmatic about the novelist's role. "Either the writer plays our game, penetrating fully the essence of cinematographic language, that is, writing his novel with us and for us through images and secondary complement of words, or else he must experience through a frequent lack of authentic narrative material, violence and a real working-over in its transposition to the screen. The writer must be daily involved in the creative moment of filming, or else witness a second birth of his work." —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

The Human Side of a Hero



—*Camera Press-Pix.*

Sir Winston—"the mental wear and tear was tremendous."

Churchill's Last Years, *by Roy Howells (McKay. 214 pp. $4.50), presents a portrait, by his male nurse, of a maker of history in his enfeebled but still gallant final moments. Victor Wolfson wrote the scenarios for the film on the life of Churchill "The Finest Hours" and the "Emmy" award-winning television series "The Valiant Years," as well as the book "In Search of Churchill."*

By VICTOR WOLFSON

NOW WE have a book about Sir Winston Churchill written not by his cook, his secretary, or his detective, but by his male nurse. And an engaging book it is—a discerning glimpse of the old warrior approaching the final moment of his stormy and glorious life.

The author, Roy Howells, came into the Churchill household in 1958 and remained until Sir Winston's death in 1965.

When he was first introduced to his new charge, Lady Churchill said: "Winston dear, this is Mr. Howells. He's come to help look after you."

"How do you do, Howes," the illustrious patient grumbled. And that's the way it remained. The Prime Minister never did get his nurse's name straight.

Even in these final years, enfeebled though he was (he was a magnificent ruin when I saw him last at his home in Hyde Park Gate not long before he died), the force of Churchill's personality was overwhelming. Mr. Howells says: "He drained the people around him of every last drop of energy and there was never a day when I came off duty without feeling completely all in. Apart from the physical strain, the mental wear and tear was tremendous. For he inspired a curious love-hate relationship in those under him, so that one loved him part of the time, hated him part of the time, yet liked him all the time."

This is what is so good about Mr. Howells's book. He is not afraid to present the hero in all his cantankerous and downright nasty moods. Nor is he afraid to reveal Churchill's ducal attitude toward many of those about him. He never forgot that he was a descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, and that he himself was a "great" man.

In spite of Sir Winston's arrogance, impatience, and stubbornness, Mr. Howells found his patient to be "wonderful." Edwin Marsh, who had been Churchill's private secretary in former days, once remarked: "Whether it is true that no valet can make a hero of his master,

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it is certainly not true of a private secretary." The same may be said of his male nurse, but Mr. Howells not only makes a hero of his master, he makes him out a marvelously *human* being. We must be grateful to Mr. Howells for this feat since time is apt to freeze Churchill, as it has so many other heroes, into a holy legend.

There were occasions when the author had to seek Lady Churchill's help when Sir Winston was proving difficult. She would return to her husband's room with the nurse and quietly say, "Now, Winston. . . ." After she had explained and reasoned with him, he invariably muttered, "Oh, all right, Clemmie."

One of Lady Churchill's firm instructions to Mr. Howells was to hold onto her husband's arm when he walked in case he should start to fall. But whenever poor Howells tried to do this the old Knight of the Garter would roar: "Goddammit, man! Let go of me!"

I once saw Sir Winston at the House of Commons during these last years. He was about to leave and was helped to his feet by a colleague. Sir Winston started shuffling toward the door, the friend grasping his arm and guiding him. Suddenly Sir Winston yanked his arm away, an imperious and irritable gesture, and proceeded quite unaided toward the door, turning and making his courtly bow to the House before departing.

What exhausted poor Mr. Howells most was the hectic shuttling back and forth between Chartwell, Churchill's country place, and the house in London. The trip was an enormous undertaking. First a station wagon was loaded up with suitcases, hatboxes, garden produce, fresh flowers, and what not. Then another big car carried the cook and the housemaid and the lady's maid and the kitchen maid and the butler. A third car carried Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. The rear of this week-end caravan was brought up by a fourth car carrying the secretary on duty, boxes of private papers, Mr. Howells himself, "and anything that might have been left behind in the rush. Every Tuesday and Friday," Mr. Howells continues, "I always went to bed completely exhausted after the changeover, and I never got used to the fact that Sir Winston always seemed to delay his departure. If he was in bed he always stayed there until the last minute. If he was in the garden, he always insisted upon sitting there in the fresh air. I was left tearing around in circles, throwing things into suitcases and rushing to get everything into the car." It seems that the great man, like many old people, wished to find the same things in their same places in his bedroom no matter which house he was in. Howells had the job of transferring every personal item in his master's bedroom from one house to the other, down to the ashtrays.

In *Churchill's Last Years* one is present at poignant little scenes on the Onassis yacht, with the venerable autocrat lunching with Greta Garbo or sharing memories with Beaverbrook and Montgomery. There are meetings with Somerset Maugham and with Churchill's children and grandchildren, and always in the background is that sensitive and erudite man Anthony Montague Browne, who devoted so many years to Churchill, acting as his private secretary. And we are introduced to curious if not historically important facts. For instance, Sir Winston slept in the raw and sometimes would be found stark naked in the upper hallway, shouting down for a maid; it never occurred to him to put on a dressing gown. Walking about in the nude, Howells suggests, was something that seemed completely normal to him—as certainly it was; his childlike naturalness and spontaneity were part of his power.

There are fine descriptions of the home life of this, the most eminent man of our time: his ninetieth birthday celebration, his emotional reaction upon viewing his war years in a television series, his love of the cinema, and always the sweetness and the affection which Lady Churchill brought to him.

Until the very end he remained interested in world affairs. Fidel Castro, addressing a group of young Cubans, once said: "If Churchill had not done what he did to defeat the Nazis, you wouldn't be here—none of us would. We have to take special interest in him because he, too, led a little island against a great enemy." Mr. Howells suggests that when Sir Winston read the reports of this speech he was very pleased, even though later, at the time of the Cuban crisis, he announced gloomily: "We're all going to be blown up, you know."

There remains finally the classic tableau—not unlike one of those noble tapestries that hang in Blenheim Palace where he was born—the final act, the death of Sir Winston. The family had been summoned and were waiting silently outside his bedroom. Mr. Howells appeared at last and said, "I think you had all better come in." They entered, and slowly, one by one, sank to their knees at the bedside of the old knight. "He died a few minutes later, quite peacefully."

For students of history *Churchill's Last Years* cannot be considered an important book. But it does recreate that nostalgic time when, withdrawn from battle, a maker of history lives out his left-over life. This has its own high rewards.

Nature and the Higher Things

The Romantic Way: Four Women in Pursuit of an Ideal, *by Vincent Cronin (Houghton Mifflin. 287 pp. $5.95), follows the amorous adventures of a starry-eyed, nineteenth-century quartet. Marghanita Laski is the author of "Victorian Chaise Longue," "Ecstasy," and "Little Boy Lost."*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

"GENTLEMEN, have Walter Scott hanged, for he's the real culprit," said a French army captain dourly in 1832 when called on to revolt for the Duchess of Berry, daughter-in-law of Charles X, who had landed in France from exile in Holyrood to rouse the country for her young son Henri V. And certainly Sir Walter Scott could fairly be called the culprit in three out of the four cases of Romantic ladies that Vincent Cronin presents to us—Caroline de Berry, a Prince Charles Edward in reverse who picked up a very unromantic pregnancy on the road to ludicrous failure; Marie d'Agoult, who gave All for Liszt and then left him for Higher Things, and Eve Hanska, the comfortably married woman who wrote superbly romantic, anonymous letters to Balzac, and, unfortunately for her, was widowed in time to marry him just before his own sordid death, overwhelmed in the debts of his *folie de grandeur*.

Nineteenth-century Romanticism manifested itself differently in various nations. In England it was largely associated with Nature and with admiration for simplicity. America, though not unaffected by this strain, soon produced Poe, who strongly reverberated in later French Romanticism. However, in outward forms neither country took, except trivially, to the sentimental, chivalric Romanticism fathered by Byron and Scott. It is immensely interesting to be reminded of this other, typically European working-out of the movement, when, as Vincent Cronin describes it, "Ladies wore Lammermoor shawls and dressed their sons in kilts; their husbands wore their hair long, like Gothic troubadours. . . . Lamartine and Hugo struck a new note in poetry, extolling memories, dim regrets and vague longings." "By 1820," continues Mr. Cronin in this well-illustrated, well-researched book, "'ro-

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mantic,' applied to a person, meant one readily influenced by the imagination, or impassioned by feeling and novels of adventure."

The three ladies cited certainly fit the definition, though in each case a streak of prudence tempered the high-flown ebullience. By efficient plotting Caroline secured a respectable husband to father her bastard, though the French government's intention that her predicament should make her ridiculous was fully realized. Marie d'Agoult, finally repelled by Liszt's snobberies and lies, chose abnegation, albeit a highly romantic version. (As Mr. Cronin comments, Romantic women tend conventionally to love only one man at a time, while the Romantic man may love several women simultaneously.) And Eve Hanska cautiously safeguarded her reputation, waiting for her husband's death before she joined Balzac—then was appalled by the mad extravagances of the Paris house that he had prepared for her.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the fourth of Mr. Cronin's quartet, alone appears out of place in his Romantic context. The adored only daughter of a rich, silly Russian expatriate who was separated from her husband, Marie seems to have been not only highly intelligent but fundamentally sensible. The Romantic extravagances she displayed were no greater than those likely in any young girl of any period, or, when a little older, in any young woman aware she was dying from tuberculosis. Those of us who first encountered her in the perhaps surprising surroundings of Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* may well be astonished to discover what a sympathetic person she was. Not the least pitiable, she is by far the most likable of Mr. Cronin's quartet. It is hard to envisage the other three in any but their own time and environment; Marie is a universal creature, interesting beyond Mr. Cronin's deliberately confined context.

Eve Hanska, by Jean Gigoux, her lover after Balzac's death—"superbly romantic."

The Six Hundred Million

The American People and China, *by A. T. Steele (McGraw-Hill. 325 pp. $7.50),* ***Formosa Betrayed,*** *by George H. Kerr (Houghton Mifflin. 514 pp. $6.95), and* ***America and China,*** *by Chang Hsin-hai (Simon & Schuster. 288 pp. $5.95), all examine the road that has led to the current fork in our relations with a people we befriended; but one suggests how it might be eliminated. Eric Britter, a British journalist who has reported on Asian affairs for some twenty-five years, is New York and United Nations correspondent for The Times of London.*

By ERIC BRITTER

JUST about the biggest question mark in the political world today is: What should the United States do about China? Almost as big is the parallel question: What does China mean to do about the United States? Well, here are three books by experts in their respective fields, and although they give us much information on where we stand and how we got there, only one—that by Dr. Chang Hsin-hai—attempts to tell us in somewhat sweeping terms what we should do, and none of them tells us precisely where we go from here.

The American people, after more than a century of championing the cause of the Chinese people against all comers, may well feel frustrated at the way things have turned out. By some quirk of history they find themselves ranged in apparently implacable hostility against those whom they had befriended for so long—the 600 million people of mainland China.

It can, of course, be argued—and is so argued by supporters of Nationalist China—that most of the mainland Chinese are kept in unwilling bondage by their Communist masters, that they have nothing but grateful feelings for the United States, and that given half a chance they would rebel against their present rulers and welcome Chiang Kai-shek with open arms. That theory cannot be substantiated unless and until the Nationalists return to the mainland in force, and of this there seems little prospect at present.

Realistically speaking, therefore, we have to face the fact that there is deep-seated enmity between the Peking régime

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

POETS LAUREATE

England's poets laureate have included some of her best poets and some of her worst. Here, in chronological order, are a dozen of them, identified by their initials. James Killen of Chicago wants you to give them their full names and connect each with one of the works listed. Correct completion of more than six entitles you to the Literary I. Q. laurels. Answers on page 55.

J. D.	( )	1. Alexander's Feast
T. S.	( )	2. The Battle of Blenheim
N. T.	( )	3. The Careless Husband
N. R.	( )	4. The Grave of King Arthur
C. C.	( )	5. In the Month When Sings the Cuckoo
T. W.	( )	6. Lady Jane Grey
R. S.	( )	7. The Medal of John Bayes
W. W.	( )	8. Nightingales
A. T.	( )	9. Ode to Duty
A. A.	( )	10. Panacea, a Poem on Tea
R. B.	( )	11. Reynard the Fox
J. M.	( )	12. Ulysses

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and Washington, an enmity that may yet plunge the world into nuclear war. It is a grim prospect, made the more so by recent events along the southern periphery of China from India to Vietnam. The prospect is not much improved by the knowledge that developments along the western border of China may soon reflect the growing friction between Peking and Moscow.

In the circumstances, what do our first two authors, A. T. Steele and George H. Kerr, have to suggest? (I shall come to Dr. Chang Hsin-hai later.) The former, a long-time foreign correspondent who knows his Asia of old, is obviously as frustrated as most Americans by inability to get firsthand information out of China today. Mr. Steele makes a thorough analysis of the changing course of American public opinion since the rise of Chinese Communism in the Twenties, and he shows how it was affected by the activities of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy and the China lobby. Summing up, he writes:

> If there is to be a re-examination of our China policy, those Americans who want it will have to make themselves heard in stronger, clearer and more insistent tones. Only in such circumstances is the President likely to consider taking the initiative in the matter. The late President Kennedy once said that he favored opening windows toward China. He was never able to do much about it because of the need to keep Congress in line on higher priority issues. President Johnson, with a much larger popular mandate and a stronger hold on Congress, has enough political elbow room in which to initiate a public discussion and thoroughgoing restudy of our China policy if he would.

Mr. Kerr is more direct in his approach. He frankly believes that Formosa and its people have been betrayed, principally by the Nationalist Chinese under Chiang Kai-shek, but also to a degree by American policy-makers who did not see to it that Formosa was given the right to self-determination after World War II. He has little patience with the doctrine enunciated by President Truman in 1950 (at the outbreak of the Korean War) to the effect that the "determination of the future status of Formosa must await the restoration of security in the Pacific, a peace settlement with Japan, or consideration by the United Nations."

But, however ardently he espouses the cause of Formosan independence, Mr. Kerr has to admit that its leaders are lacking in unity and drive. They seem to spend most of their time in exile bickering among themselves, from Hong Kong to Tokyo and Philadelphia, while on the island itself they have knuckled down to Nationalist "tyranny."

"You realize, don't you, that this will change all Western literature!"

Therefore, the dilemma of the American people is not resolved by either of the first two books under review, much as they add to our background knowledge. Instead, they appear to make the dilemma more acute. Clearly, what is needed is the courage to make that "thoroughgoing restudy" which Mr. Steele envisages, regardless of how much unpopularity and loss of face it may entail.

This is where Dr. Chang Hsin-hai comes in. His "restudy," whether one finds it thoroughgoing or not, is calculated to make him unpopular in many quarters. It calls upon the United States to hand over Formosa unconditionally to the Peking régime, admit that the situation in South Vietnam has become "a costly fiasco," abandon its close alliance with Japan and its alleged policy of "persuading India to take up arms against China," and support the admission of Peking to the United Nations.

All this does indeed amount to an "agonizing reappraisal" of America's approach to Asia generally and China in particular. Its advocacy comes rather oddly from a man who, after having served Nationalist China for years as a senior diplomat, has become a self-styled "expatriate" with his family in the United States, where he teaches at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. Obviously, he has undergone a change of heart and his book, to quote Mr. Edgar Snow's tribute to it, is "candid and even confessional."

But that is not to say that Dr. Chang's arguments are altogether convincing. He devotes one chapter to America's relations with India and another to her relations with Japan, and both are highly biased. Thus, he says that India was "egged on" by the United States to assume "a positively aggressive and antagonistic" attitude toward China, and he quotes Mr. Krishna Menon in support. He sides with Peking in claiming that India invaded China in 1962 rather than the other way round.

Dr. Chang warns that "before we know it, all of Japan may be bristling with bayonets again," and he says, rather vaguely, that Prime Minister Sato "has given the impression—some say more than the impression—that Japan looks forward to a day when she may repossess the island" (Formosa). There are many other tendentious statements in the book.

Such sweeping assertions do not help to strengthen Dr. Chang's main thesis, which is that good feeling between China and the United States is essential for world peace. One can accept that as axiomatic without, however, accepting the author's further suggestion that the present Sino-American enmity "has perhaps evolved according to plans conceived and executed by the master-minds in the Kremlin." This imputation of Machiavellism, like the author's allegations of Indian and Japanese aggressive designs upon China, really puts too much strain on the credulity of any fair-minded man.

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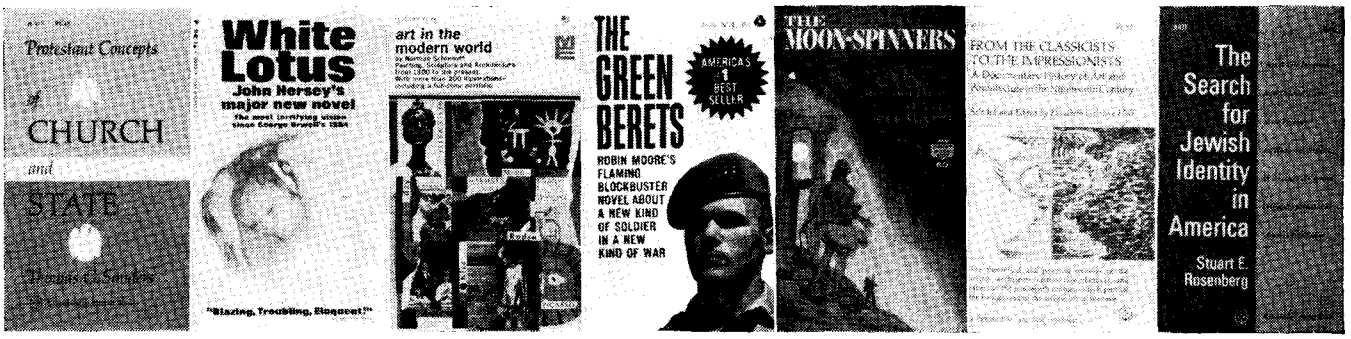
Protestant Concepts of CHURCH and STATE
White Lotus
John Hersey's major new novel
art in the modern world
THE GREEN BERETS
AMERICA'S #1 BEST SELLER
ROBIN MOORE'S FLAMING BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL ABOUT A NEW KIND OF SOLDIER IN A NEW KIND OF WAR
THE MOON-SPINNERS
FROM THE CLASSICISTS TO THE IMPRESSIONISTS
The Search for Jewish Identity in America
Stuart E. Rosenberg

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

From Maria Edgeworth and Ann Radcliffe, both so beautifully parodied by Jane Austen in *Northanger Abbey,* right down to Daphne du Maurier, who is imitated by practically everyone, the Gothic novel has maintained its traditional formula. The mixture usually includes a gallant if timid heroine, a mysterious hero, a suspicious old retainer dressed in black and rattling keys, a secret door, a rusty dagger or two, and an ill-heated, fog-shrouded castle on a lonely moor, or on a crag teetering at the edge of a foaming sea. Ah, those wuthering heights.

Like the early books, today's fantasies are apt to be written by women, such as Queen of the Gothics Mary Stewart, whose novels including the two newest, *The Moon-Spinners* (Crest, 60¢) and *This Rough Magic* (Crest, 75¢), number nearly 5,500,000 copies in print. Victoria Holt (*The Legend of the Seventh Virgin,* Crest, 75¢), Anne Maybury (*Green Fire,* Ace, 50¢), and Dorothy Eden (*Darkwater,* Crest, 60¢) are typical. On the other hand, the American Dorothy Daniels, Marilyn Ross, and Paula Little, all Berkley authors, are actually Norman Daniels, Dan Ross, and Paul Little. English writers excel at the form. Says Ace editor Evelyn Grippo: "The English get all moody and broody about their countryside, all those old estates and isolated moors."

Not only must the inside of the Gothic novel conform to tradition; so must the outside. Berkley's Jean Kritz says, "Covers must be blue." Red or green will not do. The picture must show a wisp of a girl fleeing alone at night from a sinister castle, darkened except for one lighted window—presumably the room where Mrs. Rochester is chained to the bedpost.

It turns out that few of the Gothic ladies, with the rare exception of Mary Stewart, write under their own names. Both "Joan Winslow" of *Griffin Towers* (Ace, 50¢) and Paperback Library's "Judith Ware" (*The Faxon Secret,* 50¢) are Ware Torrey Budlong. It is curious that "Anne Maybury" hides her real name; it's Edith Arundel, and what could be more Gothic than that? One of the unsolved mysteries is the identity of "Victoria Holt," whose publishers shed no light on her real name or sex. An apparent outstanding example of a male Gothic writer was the late Joseph Shearing, whose deft romances were admired by both Rebecca West and Sinclair Lewis. But, alas, he turned out to be Gabrielle Margaret Long.

That color and design are important in selling books is borne out by Bantam's new edition of John Hersey's *White Lotus* in two different covers. The same beautiful girl in shackles appears on both; but one book sketches her subtly in white, while the other shows her off in buy-me bright red. Bantam editors felt that the book appeals to two types of readers, the serious ones attracted by the allegorical implications and the Hersey name and those who do their book-buying on impulse. White or red, for intellectual or browser, the price is the same, $1.25. . . . An international venture in publishing just launched is World University Library, which gathers scholarly books for laymen from eight countries and in seven languages, and promises more than 100 volumes. First titles include Peter Hall's *World Cities* and Jagdish Bhagwati's *The Economics of the Underdeveloped Countries* ($2.45 each). McGraw-Hill is the U.S. publisher. Actually, the firm has a double role, distributing the books in Spanish throughout Latin America as part of a McGraw-Hill International venture. . . . That handsome young soldier on the cover of Avon's best-selling *The Green Berets* (95¢) is the real thing. He's twenty-five-year-old S.Sgt. Barry Sadler, a friend of author Robin Moore and a member of the Army's tough, karate-trained combat soldiers. While leading a patrol in Vietnam, Sadler fell onto a poison-tipped bamboo stick. His recuperation gave him time to practice on his guitar, write a few songs about the soldier's lot, and record his own *Ballads of the Green Berets,* which he hopes will do as well as the runaway book.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Among the less familiar works of Leo Tolstoy are *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), and *Resurrection* (Norton, $1.95). The first, originally published as three separate books in 1852, 1854, and 1856, when the author was in his twenties, presents him as "Irteniev" in an introspective, autobiographical work that laid the foundations of his fame. The story of a woman unjustly convicted of murder, *Resurrection,* his last novel, completed in 1899, is a blistering attack on the czarist legal and penal systems.

In *Poor White* (Compass, $1.65), whose theme was anti-industrialism, Sherwood Anderson returned to the Midwestern setting of his masterpiece, *Winesburg, Ohio.* Anderson and his works, strongly American in idea and landscape, played a vigorous part in William Faulkner's development. Faulkner's *Mosquitoes* (Dell, 60¢) recalls New Orleans in the gaudy Twenties. It's still a long way to Yoknapatawpha County. That same year, 1927, Conrad Aiken wrote *Blue Voyage,* included in *Three Novels* (McGraw-Hill, $2.25), along with *Great Circle* and *King Coffin.* Two years later Aiken won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. In his preface to *The Collected Short Stories of Conrad Aiken* (Meridian, $2.95) Mark Schorer calls him one of the true "men of letters" of our times.

An unusual and uneven assortment, edited by Donald M. Allen and Robert Creeley, *New American Story* (Evergreen, $1.45) samples prose of such lively ones as Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Michael Rumaker. More direct than the writing are the authors' statements at the end of the book, where Burroughs declares, "Junk is not a kick. It is a way of life." William Eastlake says that "Writers exist so that people can try to recapture their youth, their fresh vision." Le Roi Jones remarks: "My influences have been Joyce, Dante, Burroughs, Ginsberg, Olson, Heidegger, Mao Tze-tung, and Negro music."

Also noted, admiringly: John Braine's *The Jealous God* (Popular, 60¢), all

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about sex and sometimes love; Bernard Malamud's *Idiots First* (Dell, 75¢), funny and sad and altogether his own.

Art

One aspect of paperback publishing that has only recently begun to be explored is the art book. Especially distinguished for clarity of reproduction and text are those in Praeger's World of Art series. Some of the best which come to mind are John Russell's *Seurat* and Pierre Daix's *Picasso,* in which biography and esthetic criticism harmoniously mingle, and the more comprehensive *European Sculpture,* by H. D. Molesworth, a broad survey from rough-hewn Romanesque to Rodin's supreme humanism. $3.95 each. Three off-beat and altogether illuminating additions to the Mentor-UNESCO art series are the jewel-like *Turkish Miniatures, The Stave Church Paintings* of medieval Norway, and brightly Byzantine *Israeli Mosaics* (95¢ each). Barnes & Noble hews a more orthodox line with compact editions of masters: *Rembrandt,* by Hans Redeker; *Van Eyck,* by L. J. Bol (75¢ each). Another useful handbook is Norman Schlenoff's *Art in the Modern World* (Bantam, $1.35), a small-scale guide to the paintings, sculpture, and architecture of the past 150 years. Plenty of illustrations illuminate a text more historical than esthetic. Dover meanwhile concentrates its artistic attention on the Orient with such classics as Ananda K. Coomaraswamy's *History of Indian and Indonesian Art* ($3) and Laurence Binyon's *The Spirit of Man in Asian Art* ($1.85).

So much for picture books. Straight from the artists' mouths, or at least from their journals, comes *From the Classicists to the Impressionists* (Anchor, $1.95), an anthology selected by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt from the writings of Delacroix, William Blake, Whistler, and Cézanne, who sometimes wrote nearly as well as they painted. Another uncommonly good collection, far livelier than its title indicates, is *American Art 1700-1960* (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), with contemporary accounts that offer private insights into the creative process.

Religion

The current ecumenical atmosphere lends timeliness to *Religion and Freedom in the Modern World,* by cultural historian Herbert J. Muller (Phoenix, $1.50), who surveys religion as an organized social force. Says Muller, "Christianity and democracy no longer contend or join forces in their own private theater alone; both are implicated in a world drama." Thomas G. Sanders's *Protestant Concepts of Church and State* (Anchor, $1.45) searches into the origins and influences of major Protestant sects. Most relevant in these days of pickets and pacifism is the section on Quakers, which spells out the relationship between pacific thought and political activism. Stuart E. Rosenberg's *The Search for Jewish Identity in America* (Anchor, $1.45), historical and sociological in approach, follows the Jew as frontiersman in the early West, as eager but impoverished immigrant, as a vigorous ethnic force in U.S. life. More views on our religious life, or lack of it, appear in Martin E. Marty's *Varieties of Unbelief* (Anchor, $1.25), a provocative discussion of Marx, Freud, and D. H. Lawrence, among other spellbinding nonbelievers. Lawrence, whose fascination with things of the spirit was equaled only by his concern for sexuality, wrote *Apocalypse* (Compass, $1.45) on the Book of Revelations. Like everything else he wrote, it is stamped with Lawrence's superpersonal faith and in its way remains his last testament.

When Martin Buber died last year at the age of eighty-seven he left behind some of this century's most significant philosophical writings. An early (1913) work, *Daniel* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), makes use of the dialogue technique, with Daniel and his companions reflecting upon such eternal questions as form, reality, the nature of man and God. The essays in *The Knowledge of Man* (Torchbooks, $1.45), edited, as is *Daniel,* by the author's longtime interpreter and translator Maurice Friedman, lead one to the pinnacle of Buber's tortuous philosophical climb.

Two recent Biblical studies are James Muilenburg's *The Way of Israel* (Torchbooks, $1.25), an analysis of those aspects of the Old Testament which are unique to itself and its heritage, and *Understanding the New Testament,* edited by O. Jessie Lace (Cambridge, $1.65), the introductory volume to the extensive Cambridge Bible Commentary on the New English Bible, which promises to be the best modern interpretation.

And for those whose interests extend beyond the Judaeo-Christian tradition, *The Upanishads* (Penguin, 95¢) contains Juan Mascaro's translations from the Sanskrit of a dozen of the "sermons" that form the basis of Hinduism.

Diplomacy

Pragmatism seems to be the watchword in current books on foreign affairs. Kenneth W. Thompson's *Political Realism and the Crisis of World Politics* (Science Editions, $1.65) relies upon assertions by such eminent spokesmen as Reinhold Niebuhr, James Reston, George F. Kennan, and Walter Lippmann, who stress the necessity for harmonizing the national interest with international goodwill. A rather academic book but enlightening for the intellectually hardy is *International Political Communities* (Anchor, $1.95), an anthology in which political and social scientists have some words on the divisions of world power.

Edwin Lieuwen's *U.S. Policy in Latin America* (Praeger, $1.75) reviews the lengthy love-hate affair from the Big Stick and the Monroe Doctrine to today's vital alliances. Another area of world tension and international concern is the subject of Frederick H. Hartmann's *Germany Between East and West: The Reunification Problem* (Spectrum, $1.95). The author insists that the country must be united in order to avert disaster.

The dilemma of modern France has been decades in the brewing. *In Search of France,* by Stanley Hoffmann and others (Harper Torchbooks, $2.75), a symposium prepared at the Harvard Center for International Affairs, brings together economic, political, and social viewpoints to trace the pattern, past and present, of that volatile nation.

"I feel the same way, but I suppose one of us should make the effort."

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To Be But Not to See

A Wilderness of Mirrors, *by Max Frisch, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Random House. 304 pp. $6), is narrated by a man who feigns blindness that he may at once reveal reality and ignore it. Emile Capouya, a free-lance critic, has long studied the philosophical novel.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

MAX FRISCH is the author of that remarkable novel, *I'm Not Stiller*, a story in which the cramping certainties of bourgeois life expand into exotic fables of volcanoes and crocodiles. But the crocodiles and volcanoes do not disrupt the orderly routine of Swiss officialdom, and the dead past is alive in the man who refuses to give it so much as lip service.

Is it not strange that the age that worships personality is the one in which personal identity has become problematic? Strange or inevitable. In any case, Max Frisch is fascinated by the raw materials that may seem to compose an identity. Memories, objects, affections, he examines them relentlessly, only to discard them in favor of the irreducible definition: The place where it hurts is our identity.

Naturally, it is not his business to announce the formula, and perhaps it does not even interest him. Nevertheless, it expresses his instinctive strategy as a novelist. Failures in love, failed lovers, are his particular subjects, because the pain of unhappy love cuts to the life and points where that life is. D. H. Lawrence's question "Why were we crucified into sex?" is meant to be rhetorical, accepting as it does our sad tradition that body and spirit are not one substance. Max Frisch asks, rather, Why are the relations between the sexes the special ground of our crucifixion? In a time of retreat and numb acquiescence, love is the only outpost of revolt, of tragedy, and for that reason we value and abhor it. But the cost is so high. Would it not be better to have occasions for tragedy in our public lives—occasions, that is, for self-knowledge and honorable defeat—rather than in our private lives only, contracted now as never before, egotistical, lacking assurance?

Max Frisch appears to take his text from Genesis, repeating innocently, "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." It is from this Edenic assurance, this intuition of seemliness and order, that the masks and adulteries of Max Frisch's characters draw their poignance. In the Garden the natures of man and woman were fixed and complementary. Who can say what they are now, except for the hint that they aspire to be complementary still?

I'm Not Stiller is a philosophical novel hung upon a paradoxical plot, but with the philosophy shamelessly in evidence, as if Max Frisch had somehow escaped the inferiority complex of modern letters. *A Wilderness of Mirrors* is equally full of paradoxical and surprising incident, and the philosophy is just as present, but it is now tentative and provisional. The German title of the novel is "Let My Name Be Gantenbein"—proposing a hypothesis from which certain things may follow, but not seeking to establish a legal identity any more than Melville does with his "Call me Ishmael."

The narrator proposes, then, that he be Gantenbein, and that Gantenbein be a man who feigns blindness. He buys a stick, dark glasses, practices not seeing what he can see perfectly well, registers with the municipality and is granted official status and a yellow armband. Why the elaborate hoax? Well, in the first place, it is less a hoax than an apostolate. Now Gantenbein can be all things to all men. Since he cannot "see" the perfervid liberal at the cocktail party, he is free to reminisce aloud about that person's Nazi sentiments of an earlier time. Since he cannot "see" the gentleman parting with his, Gantenbein's, wife at the airport, he can preserve a happy marriage in all its secular and sacramental bearings, while Lila is unreflectingly grateful for the blindness that sees her only as she wishes to be seen—just as she is grateful for the pixies that do the dishes. Lila is a famous actress. Though for a brief space she is a *contessa*, or a housewife. And her lover, Enderlin, is a Swiss scholar who has been invited to lecture at Harvard, or he may exist only in Gantenbein's imagination, which may exist only in the narrator's.

THE pain and bad conscience that the story manages to generate in the reader is the more remarkable for the arbitrary scheme that the author adopts so openly. The deceits and betrayals, the acting and suffering attributed now to one and now to another personage in the invented drama, embody our own experiences and our own fears; the author's assertion that all is hypothetical fails to dissipate the dream, kept intact from moment to moment by convincing physical and psychological detail. Its technique has the effect of one of those dreams whose separate episodes, throughout a long night, are unified by an undercurrent of emotion, puzzlement or elation or dread. Where the dream cannot satisfy intellectually, it convinces emotionally. In every state the author or the narrator can imagine—even the privileged one of blindness—the protagonist is called upon to suffer, and the suffering is caused by a woman. The psychological and social ironies of that view of the case are surely not lost upon Max Frisch, but since he chooses to present his story as legend rather than naturalistic fiction, he need not deny nor yet subscribe to modern notions of what such things mean.

A Wilderness of Mirrors is most interesting, but disappointingly thin. Relations that are merely personal are not personal relations at all. The novel says as much, indeed, but comes close to being defeated by its subject, nevertheless. The mystic's vision expands to encompass God; the neurotic's contracts to a point, a theoretical locus without dimensions. The art that deals with the obsessions of neurosis from the neurotic's point of view grows less and less sustaining.

Mr. Michael Bullock's translation is excellent, though this book did not present the occasion for a bravura performance such as his English version of *I'm Not Stiller*.

Oracles Never Give a Straight Answer

By Ted Olson

I QUESTIONED Berkeley, after the third martini:
"Which is reality—life as I see it now,
through a glass brightly, all sinew, pulse, and glow,
colored by Kandinsky, shaped by Cellini . . .
or life tomorrow, at the alarm-clockcrow,
nasty, brutish, and short? Oh, what is truth?"
He mumbled something; I think, "Neither—and both."

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Two Firsts with Finesse

Dink's Blues, *by Marilyn Hoff (Harcourt, Brace & World. 246 pp. $4.95),* ***and Crazy February,*** *by Carter Wilson (Lippincott. 250 pp. $4.95), two first novels, deal respectively with a rebellious college student and with parricide and politics in a Mexican village. Daniel Stern's next novel, entitled "After the War," will be published this year.*

By DANIEL STERN

WHEN I was in my twenties I was a musician-burgeoning-into-a-writer. There was then a phenomenon abroad in the musical world that bears reference to the two first novels here under discussion. The phenomenon was technique. Out of the Curtis Institute and the Juilliard School there poured a succession of violinists, cellists, and pianists with a mechanical mastery of their craft that was on the highest level. While often sacrificing depth of content to their new intoxication with pyrotechnics, they did establish a fresh and lofty technical standard, which has endured.

Something of the sort is happening in the literary world today. Not that every other first novelist writes with the virtuosity of a Thomas Pynchon (though *his* content is quite questionable). But there is in general a control of language, form, and material that is stronger than in preceding generations. Rarely do we find the meandering, woolly-headed first novel filled with purple prose and uncritical self-pity (though we too often endure the Sixties' counterpart: the "black-humored" first novel with its facile Gothic ironies). Instead, we are encountering books like *Crazy February,* by twenty-four-year-old Carter Wilson, who writes with cool control and warm insight, and *Dink's Blues,* by twenty-three-year-old Marilyn Hoff, who reveals less maturity but displays a fine sense of people and words (the "fingering and bowing" of the novelist's art).

Both Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoff are part of what has been called the "college" generation. Mr. Wilson is a lecturer in English at Stanford University. Miss Hoff describes her book as "about students . . . told by a student . . . and, incidentally, written by a student. . . ."

Not so incidentally, I would say. In unfolding her tale of Dink St. Clair, the rebellious, confused undergraduate who claims that she is part Negro, Miss Hoff exhibits the concerns of her age-group: the meaning of life, the gulf between the generations, the question of race.

—*Laurence Risser.*

Marilyn Hoff—"some callowness, some originality."

It is with Dink's friend (and the narrator of the novel), Sarah Lodge, that the trouble lies. Sarah is decency incarnate, but she is painfully innocent. This tends to limit the depth of *Dink's Blues,* but it is also part of its charm. And a charming and interesting book it is. Now that her "student" phase is over, Miss Hoff is, I would guess, going to produce some excellent work. In the meantime, she has written a book of some callowness and some originality.

Mr. Wilson's novel is another matter. His materials and manner are more sophisticated, more mature. Perhaps he has paid in a certain lack of spontaneity for achieving this at such an early age. But he has, on the other side of the tally-sheet, written a grave, handsomely controlled tale of death and life in the mountain village of Chomtik in southern Mexico.

The novel constitutes an extraordinary act of imagination. There is not the usual American protagonist to make us feel comfortable in our observation of the ways of an alien world. Wilson takes us straight into the minds and sensibilities of the Mexican villagers—most notably, to my mind, the President and Juan Lopez Oso, who becomes President after the incumbent dies.

It is not of much value to detail the elements of *Crazy February*'s story: there is a parricide, there is a village "curer," there are some exotic village ritual politics. The important thing is that the book weaves an authentic spell. Wilson writes a lean prose about deceptively simple people. As a result, I was held by the sound of his tale as much, or more, than by what was happening. In dispensing with the usual autobiographical crutches, Carter Wilson has perhaps leaned a little heavily on stylistic influences of other writers who have pioneered in similar geographical territory: Hemingway and Malcolm Lowry. But, finally, he is his own man. And his Chomtikeros are sad, touching, and very real.

If these two books constitute an augury, then the term "first novel" may ultimately lose its pejorative sense. Whether it is college training or not that is raising the level of craft in young writers, I do not know. I'm inclined to think it is the higher level of sophistication that is in the air. Higher minimal standards seem to go with it. A while back a prominent critic commented that he, and most of his friends, would rather go to a new movie than read a new novel—certainly a first novel. I am hereby advising him to think again.

Thirteen Strings to a Bow: If you are familiar with Hughes Rudd solely as a CBS news correspondent, you have a treat in store for you. *My Escape from the CIA (and Other Improbable Events)* (Dutton, $4.95), a gathering of thirteen "events"—as acceptable a description as any, since the collection includes pieces that are recognizably nonfiction and others that may or may not be—reveals another Hughes Rudd, a man of considerable talent, a writer difficult to pigeonhole. Too often a volume of short works is a one-note affair, with the writer displaying the same gift over and over. Not so with Mr. Rudd. The title story, which deals with the author's recruitment encounters with the CIA, is comedy, a 1966 *Alice in Wonderland* just wacky enough to be true. "The Fishers: 1932" is definitely fiction, an evocation of life during the Depression that brings back, in terms of some Erskine Caldwell types, the taste of those bitter years. "The Death of William Faulkner" reveals yet another Hughes Rudd; nonfiction, of course, this is near-poetic reportage and a beautiful tribute to the Mississippi writer.

If I had to choose my favorites in the collection, and in one way or another I liked them all, I think I would select "Mavis at the Beach" and "The Man on the Trestle." Both are short stories. The first concerns an encounter between so-called normal people and a man who

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once collected and exhibited freaks. The afterimage—and so many of Mr. Rudd's stories return to mind with a greater impact than they made on first reading—is one of low-key horror. "The Man on the Trestle" is a story of pain, a wounded pilot's reaction to himself and the men around him. It is written from deep, deep within.

One must himself read Mr. Rudd to discover that special quality he brings to his work—a certain seemingly artless rearrangement and abridgment of life into neatly contained packages built somewhat along the lines of those cold capsules one sees advertised on television; you swallow them now and they explode later. If there is a complaint to be leveled against *My Escape from the CIA*, it is that the book contains but thirteen events. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Bowdlerized Burlesque: J. I. M. Stewart's *An Acre of Grass* (Norton, $4.50) is a deliberately mannered novel, the narrator of which is an elderly novelist writing about a famous and even more elderly novelist who has just been buried in Westminster Abbey, but not before completing a last novel (called "An Acre of Grass"), which turns out to contain a vicious caricature of his wife, from whom it must at all costs be kept. The costs, in this case, are the fabrication, by the narrator, of a substitute novel ("An Acre of Grass," yes) to be palmed off on the wife.

Mr. Stewart, who produces detective novels under the name of Michael Innes, handles these intricacies with ease. And his narrator is persistently believable—a man who writes in a kind of Jamesian pastiche, properly convoluted and Latinate, coyly daubed with literary references, and now and again touched with a certain caustic humor. But, not surprisingly, the validity of this unflagging egotist's character is bought at the expense of all dramatic movement and any hint of humanity in the rest of the cast, although they are all achingly self-conscious.

Anyone trying to deal with the dark things that lurked beneath the mask of a great writer is up against Maugham's best novel, *Cakes and Ale*. Mr. Stewart isn't competing there, so it's rather puzzling to know why he should have spent so much care over the portrait of an old literary bore. For his own fun perhaps? Possibly, if you relish long donnish jokes, for yours too. —JULIAN GLOAG.

Criminal Record

The Conspiracy of Death. *By George Redston and Kendell F. Crossen. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5. This veritable encyclopedia of West Coast crime also contains much material about Mafia-Syndicate operations elsewhere in the U.S. Frightening and fascinating.

Fifteen Clues: True Stories of Crime Detection. *By Eugene B. Block. Doubleday.* $4.50. All but three of the cases here narrated are Midwest and Far West; two are French, one English; all are reasonably recent and (more important) not previously written to death. Police work is stressed, as indicated.

Spy: Twenty Years in Soviet Secret Service. *By Gordon Lonsdale. Hawthorn.* $4.95. A trapdoor in a kitchen floor, film concealed in a talcum powder tin, documents hidden in a tank in a men's room: these are some of the orthodox tricks of the trade which this notorious Russian agent describes. (What is truth? Just like fiction.)

The Two Assassins. *By Dr. Renatus Hartogs and Lucy Freeman. Crowell.* $5.95. This study of the lives of Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby and of the emotional stresses to which they were subjected is based largely on the record of the Warren Commission, with details from other sources added. A straightforward piece of reporting.

The Double Image. *By Helen MacInnes. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.75. Yank historian turns amateur security agent after Paris hassle results in the murder of his old professor; scene now shifts to the Cyclades, where lethal violence ensues and peaceful coexistence is severely jarred. Author's thirteenth is usual smooth, fast-action job.

Bazzaris. *By Don Tracy. Trident.* $4.95. This colorful chronicle of life and death among Florida's colony of Greek sponge-fishers is not strictly a *roman policier* (though two police chiefs are in the cast), but it has admirable pace, excitement, and verve, plus a fine sense of locality.

The Widow Watchers. *By Frank Archer. Crime Club.* $3.50. Was plot to blow up a plane, overheard in a San Francisco bar, real or phony? Detective Joe Delaney wants to know, professionally and personally (his wife is flying to Hawaii). Zooms right along to a smash-eroo finish.

The Anxious Conspirator. *By Michael Underwood. Crime Club.* $3.50. Raid on English counterfeiting ring develops sour note when informer who was supposed to "escape" is nabbed with rest of mob; two relevant murders are arranged in Austria. Ingenious baffler.

The Windy Side of the Law. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Englishman returning to London from Ceylon with alleged amnesia (real or feigned?) and suitcase full of heroin (real) is in king-size jam; so is his old friend Antony Maitland, barrister; there are violent deaths. Not up to author's previous high standard.

711—Officer Needs Help. *By Whit Masterson. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Southern California cop who kills in self-defense is thrown off force; he sets out to fight way back, with startling results. Holds up nicely.

Coffin in Malta. *By Gwendoline Butler. Walker.* $3.50. The Coffin of the title is Inspector John Coffin of Scotland Yard, who flies to Valetta to solve a rather messy murder. Entertaining picture of island life gives story good support.

Salute from a Dead Man. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95. Industrial sabotage in London area is the theme of this dozenth work by a consistently competent hand. Bittersweet is the word for it.

Girl on the Run. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.95. Philadelphia private eye (why fare so far?) gets summons from New Hampshire village to trail female tagged for aunticide; chase takes in Florida, Panama. (How's for getting back to that fine police chief Fred C. Fellows of Stockford, Conn.?)

Murder by 3's. *By Patricia Moyes. Introduction by Anthony Boucher. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $5.95. Author's first omnibus includes her memorable *Dead Men Don't Ski* (1960), *Down Among the Dead Men* (1961), and *Falling Star* (1964), all reciting the detection disciplines of Chief Inspector Henry Tibbett, CID, not to mention his wife, Emmy.

Date with Death. *By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Prankster strews gimmicks in path of Hollywood cops trying to untangle double murder; Sgt. Maddox carries the main load. Q&A all the way. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Four Conductors and a Soprano

AS TIME is measured in artistic matters, it is not so long ago—a mere sixty years—since Edward MacDowell withdrew one of his works because it was to be given on an "American" program. The implication was that this categorized it as somehow inferior. Leonard Bernstein's most recent Philharmonic program conformed to a recognizable pattern in presenting a new symphony, a concerto kind of contemporary work and a recent creation of sufficient substance to be considered "standard." That all of these went with the names of native-born composers was hardly a cause for complaint, least of all from the creators themselves.

What was, perhaps, even more conspicuous than nationality was the allegiance each asserted to a larger musical community. That is the one in which tonality, if no longer an absolute monarch, at least has constitutional rights. The Symphony No. 2 by Leo Smit is almost consistently in C, Bernstein's own Serenade relates more than occasionally to A minor, and Copland's Third Symphony begins in E and reverts to that base with sufficient frequency to define it as, in fact, a base. This identifies them either as musicians who have not heeded the voices that have doomed tonality, or, having heard them, have concluded that it is not quite so dead as the dodo (cacophonists).

Smit's symphony is another testimonial to the musical juices in this man, who was an able pianist before he acknowledged his basic commitment to composition. The piano has more than a casual part in this work, a fact which is hardly revolutionary. But, unlike its use by Shostakovitch in his first symphony for contrast and tonal color, it serves a structural purpose for Smit, as mediator among the groups into which he has divided the orchestra. At one point, in his own words, it is "directing traffic in all directions." There is reference, in the same notes, to a section "depicting a vast, imaginary frog pond." Such allusions tend to make one listen for the frogs rather than the music, and suggest that Smit's considerable musical impulse is not yet channeled in the most productive direction.

The peril of providing a too specific program for a musical work was recognized decades ago by composers otherwise as different as Brahms and Mahler. But it was, also, one to which Bernstein succumbed in his invitation to cogitation called *Serenade for Solo Violin, String Orchestra, Harp and Percussion (after Plato's 'Symposium')*, for which Zino Francescatti was the excellent soloist. When it was first performed here (in 1954) I was so busy attempting to puzzle out which was the lover and which the beloved that I missed the ingenious relationship among the musical elements. This time, under the influence of Jack Gottlieb's dissertation on the papa-mama-baby generation of the melodic material, the musical finesse as well as the schematic purpose of the discourse was properly apparent. This suggests that, like the scaffolding of a building, a literary program is something that the composer should quietly dismember and, perhaps, burn when it has served its purpose to the only person for whom it has any real interest—the builder himself.

Bernstein showed no more partiality for his own work than for the others of the program, a tribute to good taste as well as to objectivity. This meant, in a natural assessment of values, that the evening-ending Copland was a perilously heavy arch to the slender pillars on which it was supported, but an arch, nevertheless, of imposing proportions as well as substantial design.

The panorama of orchestral events included further performances by the Cleveland Orchestra (under Robert Shaw) in its annual series of Carnegie Hall appearances and a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Each had its interests related less to point of origin than to immutable musical law.

With Shaw it tends to the conclusion that even the very best choral conductor finds it hard to rechannel his basic musical drive. The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, which he has trained, is a very superior chorus, and its participation in Haydn's *The Seasons* merits any amount of commendation. But it seemed to me that the orchestra (between Shaw on the podium and the chorus at the back) occupied a kind of limbo in which it was too often overlooked and mostly underencouraged.

Considering the scope of this tonal canvas and the part in it assigned to the instrumental elements, Shaw's treatment almost excluded the possibility of Haydn's great tonal mural being realized in all its amplitude. Nor did his metronomic tempi and rather square, blocky phrasing generate the imagery that was lacking in the tonal colors per se. Among the soloists, Phyllis Curtin had the most aptitude for the style, Cesare Valletti some but not quite as much, and John Reardon very little.

The evening with Skrowaczewski identified him as the embodiment of the intellectual musician, with a clear conception of the relationship of every note to every other note in the music he conducts, but not so keen an awareness of the function of the spaces between them. This was no source of shortcoming in Elliot Carter's *Variations*, the Hindemith *Metamorphosis on Themes of Weber*, or Szymanowski's *Symphonie Concertante*, for which Eugene Istomin was the fluent, well-equipped pianist. But in the "classic" work of the program (Debussy's *Iberia*) Skrowaczewski was more concerned with articulation than evocation, and with the definition of orchestral choirs than the combination of them.

Considering the qualities of knowledge and purpose he brought to Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* at his debut, it is by no means unreasonable that the Metropolitan's newest conducting name should be, in fact, double—Molinari-Pradelli (or with his given name of Francesco, triple). Had it not been for the "cancelation" of 1961, Molinari-Pradelli would be, by now, an old friend, for he was one of those whose services were "lost" by the time the season was reinstated. In addition to shaping the results to a splendid likeness of Verdi's outline—rhythmic detail sharp, vocal values keenly adjusted to the orchestral sound, and vice versa—Molinari-Pradelli has the professional's concentration on the problem before him, rather than the dilettante's concern for the impression he is making on those behind him. Leontyne Price's first Amelia improved as it progressed, suggesting it may become a very good role for her. Mignon Dunn excelled her previous best as Ulrica, in a cast including Carlo Bergonzi (Riccardo) and Robert Merrill (Renato).

Later in the week the Metropolitan's newest Elvira was replaced by an even newer one when the continued absence of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (she is not expected back this year) brought on the debut of Pilar Lorengar several days in advance of the *Don Giovanni* to which she had been previously assigned. Lorengar's qualifications for an operatic career—good looks, a sound voice, and no little temperament—have been well established elsewhere, if not in a role of this one's particular demands. Save for an occasional phrase here and there which recalled its original quality, the voice sounded overburdened by the dramatic demands of this music. Oddly, Lorengar did best with the florid line of *"Mi tradi,"* though by the expedient of using her original, lighter quality, she sacrificed dramatic impact. The cast under Joseph Rosenstock's direction was, otherwise, as previously admired.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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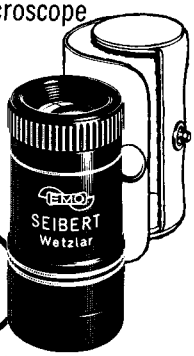

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Who's to Classify?

A FEW WEEKS AGO a radiant Joseph Levine emerged from yet another awards ceremony waving his latest scroll and declared emphatically, "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to motion pictures." Although not given to understatement under any circumstances, Mr. Levine certainly had a point. The award he had received came from the newly created National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, designed to supplant the Legion of Decency—and it had been given to his current release, *Darling*, an exuberant examination of *la dolce vita*, British style. Significantly, the film had drawn an A-4 ("Morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations") rating from the Legion itself a few months earlier. Some eyebrows also shot up at similar Catholic awards to *Nobody Waved Goodbye* and to Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*. Only *The Sound of Music*, chosen as the "best film for general audiences," seemed to fit comfortably into most preconceptions of the type of movie a religious group would single out for recognition.

Eyebrows were raised still further the following day when the Broadcast and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches, representing all major Protestant denominations, made public its awards, including the inevitable *Sound of Music*, but also *Patch of Blue* and *Nothing But a Man*, both ardently anti-racist films, and—most astounding of all—*The Pawnbroker*, which had barely squeaked past the industry's own Production Code and had been given a C ("Condemned") rating by the Legion because it contained nudity. Curiously—and also pointedly—neither the Catholic Office nor the National Council paid even the slightest lip-service to Hollywood's sole *bona fide religioso* spectacular of the year, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. As one Reverend put it privately, in explanation, "The sins of De Mille are being paid for by George Stevens."

Obviously, in announcing their awards, the church groups were also heralding a new and quite conscious shift in their historic position *vis à vis* the movies. No longer, their awards indicated, were they interested merely in the sin in cinema, but in artistic merit and social value as well. And high time, too, I might add.

What makes this all the more remarkable is that it takes place at a time when most of the standard censorship controls in states and communities have all but disappeared. Thanks to a remarkable series of Supreme Court decisions handed down over the past dozen years, the legal basis for official censorship of films has been limited to little more than hard-core pornography—and even that, as we have seen in art and literature, often defies definition. Under the circumstances, one might expect to find church authorities redoubling their efforts to dictate what goes on the screen, working to intensify the restrictive approach, bolstered by economic threats, that has characterized the past thirty years of the Legion of Decency. Fortunately—almost miraculously—this is not the case. Enlightened church leaders in all sects have come to realize that codified restrictions lead merely to dishonest productions that skillfully skirt the law, to others that outrageously flout the law, and to weaseling compromises that discredit film makers and churchmen alike.

Implicit in this, of course, is a greater sense of individual responsibility—for each of them, for each of us. Generally, when motion pictures have come under attack by censor-minded groups, the watchcry has always been the same: "Save the children!" For many years, films were made in America for the twelve-year-old mentality. More recently, movies from *A Streetcar Named Desire* to *Ship of Fools*, not to mention innumerable foreign imports, have been cut to make them conform to the censors' concept of what is acceptable for twelve-year olds. Now, I have nothing against children, but I have no desire to spend the rest of my life looking at kiddie shows. Nor is it necessary. One of the reasons that we tend to think of European films as being so much more adult than our own is that, actually, most of the ones we see over here were produced specifically for adults. Many countries, including France and Germany, have for years restricted moviegoing to adults, except for those films especially designed for juvenile audiences. For something like fifteen years, the English have been using a classification system that rates films for adults only, for children accompanied by adults, and for general audiences—and the theater owner who chooses to ignore these ratings can lose his license as a result.

I am not suggesting anything nearly so drastic for this country, although a close parallel is to be found in our regulations governing the sale of liquor to minors. Perhaps local authorities should

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Fifteen and Still Going Strong

Lester: The Persimmon Lover, etching by David Decker.

MAYBE THE air in Brooklyn is fresher. I was struck by this notion the other day when I visited the fifteenth National Print Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum and found there a show bristling with interest and lit with clarity. And for that matter, Brooklyn has long played a strategic role in stimulating American enthusiasm for original prints. One need only visit the International Graphic Arts Society Gallery on the opening day of a new print issue or the Associated American Artists Gallery (also devoted exclusively to prints) to realize how abundant the audience for this medium has become. In both cases it is often a triumph to edge near enough to the walls to see the exhibition.

Long before this infatuation was even a glint in the public's eye, Una Johnson, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the Brooklyn Museum, was already organizing yearly surveys of representative contemporary prints by artists living or working in the United States. Gradually the show turned into a biennial. This year it impresses me as having reached a peak. Technically brilliant, the exhibit also has something assertive to say. It is not just another rehash of current fads and fancies. Incisive, direct, though rarely realistic, these aggressive graphics seem rooted in America. The subtle tenderness of Gallic art is less pronounced here than the vigor and wry humor we tend to associate with our own country. Even German expressionist overtones, still evident and still brutal, are transformed by a certain American objectivity. I question whether at this time any other country could have produced a print show of such potency.

The exhibition proves again the superiority of a knowledgeable one-man jury over a group panel. One feels that no concessions were made by Una Johnson when she winnowed 180 works from 2,000 entries. Leading the field both in interest and numbers are the intaglio prints, sometimes in color, sometimes not, sometimes combined with other techniques, sometimes pure intaglio. Here is a medium that has captured the imagination of American artists. Exploiting it to the fullest, they endow paper with a rich surface quality and color with a versatility rarely achieved before in printed works.

As a rule the prints in this show look like prints, not like paintings. If they borrow from any medium, it is from bas-relief. Again and again modern graphic artists turn to embossed, three-dimensional effects to extend the range of printmaking. Using cast paper, the cellocut, even cut-out areas, they come nearer to sculpture than to painting. As Miss Johnson observes in her foreword to the catalogue, "Today a print may be the size of a postage stamp or of an ordinary door." As evidence of technical proficiency, the outsized prints, some as large as respectable paintings, are formidable. But it is their scale that is more important, for now, at last, economically-minded collectors can acquire handsome original works of art adapted to architectural needs and yet modestly priced.

Still, it would be misleading to pretend that contemporary prints are inexpensive. Though some few qualify as bargains, most are tagged with rapidly accelerating figures. Because prints are produced in multiple editions, we naturally expect them to sell for less than single works of art. Yet there are comparatively unknown young Americans today who are asking more for their lithographs than the market demands for those of Whistler.

Though lithographs are plentiful in the Brooklyn show, woodcuts are curiously sparse. This technique, so ubiquitous only a few years ago, now may seem overrigid to artists who favor a more fluid approach. However, woodcuts by Seong Moy and Carol Summers belie this theory, for both their entries are filled with swiftly moving passages of great transparency.

As to content, the exhibition is admirably catholic. Abstractions of all kinds, figure compositions, and pop art hang in happy proximity. Pop seems more at home and less contrived in the printed medium than in any other, possibly because this is precisely where it comes from. No less varied are the artists included in the show, representing as they do thirty states and ranging in age from twenty-one to seventy-eight. Some are new names to me; others are well-known painters or veteran printmakers. Sculptors are virtually nonexistent,

The Beach, etching by Gersen Leiber

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though Louise Nevelson's intaglio print with its inscrutable overlay of tonal veils is a memorable experience.

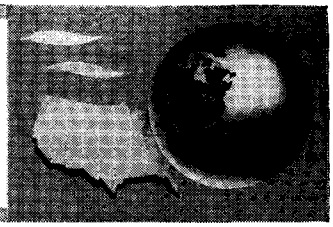
The exhibition, limited to works produced during the last two years and selected with the utmost discrimination from a large group of entries representing every state except the two Dakotas, is an authentic record of the best that is going on today. There is the skilled Japanese contingent, sometimes too "tastefull" but always poetic. There are the strong hard-edge men, the degagé purveyors of horror, the lyrical symbolists—all of them bowing to the disciplines that regulate printmaking.

Though the overall level is high, certain works demand special notice. Peterdi's brooding *Arctic Night* is a print of rich mixed media where layers of cold color and frostlike textures crystallize the North. Gerson Leiber in his etching *The Beach* (a purchase award) has given this medium an extraordinary range of tone from white through a variety of grays to velvety black. As if looking down from above, the viewer sees a mass of humanity on the move. To create so complicated a panorama on a relatively small sheet of paper is no slight achievement. Another etching, this time in color, by Leonard Edmondson of California is a miracle of intricate translucency that must be studied near at hand to be fully appreciated. Edward Stasack's *Hula Hula,* a luminous intaglio print, presents an amusing double image, at once a jangling hula dancer and an ornate table decoration. The purest work in the show is an all-white cellocut by Boris Margo entitled *The Wall* and conceived in such high relief as to qualify as printed sculpture. Angelo Savelli goes a step further and makes his relief print on multiple sheets with coordinated cutouts that meticulously synchronize with each other. Everywhere new methods and new materials are used, not for novelty's sake but to bring fresh possibilities to a field that only recently was sorely neglected.

The exhibition remains on view until the end of May. —KATHARINE KUH.

***Hula Hula*, intaglio by Edward Stasack.**

As Others See Us



This week's section is devoted to a sampling of world opinion just after resumption of bombing in North Vietnam following the thirty-seven-day suspension.

MELBOURNE:

Terrible Alternatives

IF THE NORTH VIETNAMESE refuse to negotiate, they will further condemn themselves as aggressors. The President is willing to talk and listen. They can refuse to do the same only if they want to prolong the war. Naming no names, he has promised to "meet at any conference table, discuss any proposals and consider the views of any group." . . . America does not want a national triumph for either side. It wants an end to killing and a chance for South Vietnam to make its own way, unmolested from the north. President Johnson has offered Hanoi unlimited opportunities to explore the possibilities of peace. These will be rejected only if Hanoi and its allies are committed to the terrible alternatives.

—*Melbourne Age.*

FRANKFURT:

The Responsible War

THE END OF THE PAUSE in the bombing of North Vietnam convincingly demonstrates that American peace efforts really were based on a true desire for peace and not on political weakness. In this light, perhaps the pause will in the long run be crowned with the success that did not materialize in the short run and that, from the standpoint of Communist tactics and strategy, naturally could not succeed. The next few weeks will show whether the bombing will result in an escalation of the battle. For the time being the bombers will be busy destroying those supply bases that were built up undisturbed during the lull. American policy certainly does not require an escalation of the fighting. It is well known that it conducts the war in Vietnam with the greatest sense of responsibility.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.*

MANCHESTER:

Speaking Different Languages

PRESIDENT HO CHI MINH and his colleagues will not have been surprised that President Johnson ordered the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam. To a large extent they have invited it. A receptive response to Mr. Johnson's "peace offensive" might or might not have brought the war to an end; but they seem hardly to have tried to find out, and must thus take a heavy share of the responsibility for the further miseries that will be inflicted on their fellow countrymen in both the north and the south.

Equally, however, President Johnson ought not to be surprised that his peace offensive has failed. If he is, it is because he still does not fully understand what the war is about, and if he does not, then his countrymen have little hope of winning it, even in the seven years that they now seem to be talking about. . . .

The rest of the world must hope that President Johnson will not take Hanoi's refusal to negotiate, and his own welcome though belated decision to call in the Security Council, as a justification in the eyes of the world for greater ruthlessness in the waging of the war. What the bombing pause has proved is that the two sides are still speaking entirely different languages, and it is far from clear that President Johnson's is the closer to reality.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

LONDON:

Behind the Failure

JUDGING BY his reaction, there is a danger that President Johnson has drawn the wrong conclusion from the failure of his thirty-seven-day "peace offensive" to draw a favorable response from Hanoi: that the only way of persuading North Vietnam to negotiate is by a crushing display of American power. Similarly, there is a grave risk that Mr. Johnson may ignore the other possible explanation for this failure: that America is setting about ending the war by the wrong methods and with the wrong aims.

If one is convinced that this is simply a war of conquest by Hanoi, then it might make some sense to bomb North Vietnam—though it is still possible to question the effectiveness of bombing on a non-industrial, predominantly rural

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community. But if one believes that the conflict is essentially a civil war—with northern intervention just one element—then America's present policy is self-defeating.

For if this is a civil war then both the means and the aims of American policy are wrongly conceived. Large-scale bombing (whether in the north or south) and the use of other weapons of mass destruction like napalm may cow people. But a South Vietnamese government that cannot count on the loyalty of its own people—and has no proper state apparatus—is not going to be saved by the presence of American troops.

Indeed, the real question is whether it is realistic to think of a Korean-type solution for Vietnam, with a separate American-backed anti-Communist state in the south. If this is a political and logistic impossibility, it is unlikely that Hanoi will agree to negotiate—whether the peace-offensive lasts thirty-seven days or thirty-seven months, whether the Americans bomb the north or not.

—*The Observer.*

NEW DELHI:

The Vietcong Role

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S policy of waging war and peace at the same time has perplexed U.S. Congressmen. . . . All those who endorse the President's move for peace talks realize that the hitch is over the role of the Vietcong in the negotiations. . . .

But this is only the peripheral problem. President Johnson has said that the people of South Vietnam should be able to choose their own course. But the question remains whether Washington's readiness to negotiate on the basis of the 1954 Geneva agreement envisages an unfettered right of self-determination for South Vietnam or a neutralized status with guarantees against a Vietcong takeover. American critics of President Johnson's peace move have questioned whether the strategic balance in Vietnam today is to be given up as a political gift to the Vietcong. While Vietcong participation in a government is bound to be the pivotal issue in a political settlement, neither these critics nor Hanoi can well contend that a decision on this point has to be spelt out as a precondition of peace talks.

—*Hindustan Times.*

TOKYO:

Political Force

THE UNITED STATES has resumed bombing the North at last, but world public opinion was generally in favor of an extended suspension of air raids. Asia is now faced with the danger of war escalation, precisely because of this U.S. move. It is, of course, not that the U.S. has abandoned all hope of peace, yet the fact remains that the resumption of air attacks has made it more difficult to expect any positive response from the Communists to the American call for peace discussions. The first question that must be tackled before any peace talks are held is how to deal with the Vietcong; that is, whether to recognize them as a legitimate party to negotiations. The second question is whether the Vietcong should be considered as the sole representative of the South Vietnamese or as a puppet force of North Vietnam. We believe that both the U.S. and South Vietnam should recognize the Vietcong as a party to their negotiations and have them represented in a consolidated government of the future, since it is a fact that the Vietcong represents a political force. —*Asahi Shimbun.*

MONTREAL:

A Question of Timing

PRESIDENT JOHNSON responded to the peace plan of Pope Paul VI by directing his ambassador at the United Nations, Arthur Goldberg, to bring the Vietnamese problem before the Security Council.

Mr. Johnson's decision was evidently taken on the basis of this statement by the Pope: "Who knows whether an arbitration by the United Nations, entrusted to neutral nations, might tomorrow—we could hope for such a thing even today—be able to resolve the terrible question?"

It is wise of Mr. Johnson to have taken this action. During recent weeks he has been leaving no stone unturned in an attempt to initiate negotiations to end the war in Vietnam. The matter had not been taken to the United Nations before because it was felt this would lead to no useful result. But, since the Pope is involved in this particular attempt, there is always a chance that it might lead to something constructive.

However, it is rather perplexing that, at the same time as he was responding favorably to the peace plan of the Pope, President Johnson resumed the bombing of North Vietnam. This resumption of bombing is bound to compete with the President's approach to the United Nations. Indeed, there will not be lacking those who will choose to see it as an insult to the Pope, which more than balances the effect of the approach to the U.N.

There was no reason why Mr. Johnson could not have postponed bombing for another week or two, until the U.N. had done what it could. After all, the bombing has not been so effective that a couple of weeks could make much difference; in particular, it has failed in its original aim of punishing North Vietnam so much that its government would agree to make peace.

—*Montreal Gazette.*

TORONTO:

Two Gleams of Light

THE NEWS THAT the United States has resumed bombing attacks on North Vietnam is as bleak and cheerless as the winter weather.

This marks the end of the most promising effort so far attempted to bring the Vietnamese war to a conclusion by negotiation. The prospect for the immediate future, at least, is at best a continuation of the murderous jungle warfare in South Vietnam—at worst a process of escalation leading to a direct clash between the United States and China.

In his speech justifying the decision, President Johnson stressed that the United States had suspended air attacks on North Vietnam for thirty-seven days and had offered to enter into unconditional negotiations with the government of North Vietnam, without getting any satisfactory response.

It is not clear what magic lies in the number thirty-seven. In view of what is at stake, Washington might well have waited a few days or even weeks longer before writing off the peace effort—especially as the bombing in the north, however destructive of life and property, is not likely, on the basis of past performance, to have much effect on the guerrilla war in the south.

Nor is it entirely correct that the United States has offered to negotiate unconditionally. It has refused to deal with the Vietcong, the organized insurrectionary movement in South Vietnam, even though it is the Vietcong forces which are actually fighting American troops, and even though it is the Vietcong, through the National Liberation Front, which controls a large part of South Vietnam.

Amid the general gloom left by the breakdown of negotiations, there remain two gleams of light. One is the President's statement that the new bombing offensive, like the old, will be directed only at military and communications targets.

The other is the President's call for a special meeting of the United Nations Security Council to consider the Vietnam war. This might produce a new initiative for bringing the conflict to the conference table. But there is unlikely to be a real break in the ice until the United States is prepared to be less rigid and unrealistic in its conditions for negotiation. —*Toronto Daily Star.*

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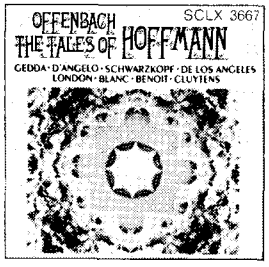
"Bells...gongs...faces like orangutans...hope...blood...Turandot!"

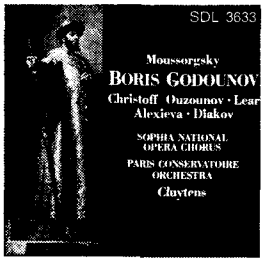
-G. Puccini

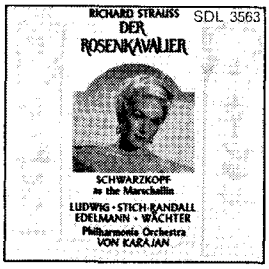
Puccini's own words dramatize his feelings about an opera so spectacular, and so demanding, that the Metropolitan Opera dropped it from its repertoire for 30 years—until 1961.

For its revival, the Met chose two Angel stars, Birgit Nilsson and Franco Corelli. These heroic talents gave a triumphant performance. As the New York Times described it, "... the house went wild after each act."

Nilsson and Corelli have reigned over Turandot ever since. And now they have recorded the opera together in what Angel considers its most brilliant stereo achievement. Here it is, fresh from Rome—along with seven other outstanding productions from Angel's library of 63 operas.







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Birgit Nilsson as Isolde, shortly after her Metropolitan debut (1959).

SR/ RECORDINGS

BIRGIT NILSSON
By Irving Kolodin **47**

THE ART OF THE SECOND GUESS
By Paul Henry Lang **50**

MOSTLY FROM MISSOURI
By Oliver Daniel **51**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Recordings Editor **52**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I:
ORCHESTRAL LPS **54**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II:
MISCELLANEOUS LPS **56**

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
By Ivan B. Berger **57**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **58**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **60**

About the cover photo. **It was produced by a double exposure, through control of light and without any mechanical device. The portion of the plate occupied by the horizontal figure was exposed first, with no light on the background. The vertical figure was then superimposed on it. The photographer, Antony di Gésu, has made a number of color photographs for *SR* covers.**

GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

IV: Birgit Nilsson

By IRVING KOLODIN

FAR IN THE FUTURE when the "Old Met" is but a memory, and some graybeard (now a standee) is being taxed to recount what he remembers of it in the 1960s, he might very well begin by saying: "Ah yes—our great Wagnerian soprano in those days was a Scandinavian; our best Princess Turandot by far was also a Scandinavian, as was our Salome, Leonore in *Fidelio*, nearly as good an Amelia in *Ballo*, Lady Macbeth. . . ." And the young opera lover will naturally inquire: "And who were all those people?" to which his grandfather will as naturally reply: "People? They were all one person." And the young man will finally be convinced, as he had suspected all along, that his elder's memory was not all that it used to be, to profess that an Isolde could also be a Turandot, an Elisabeth a Salome, and a Brünnhilde a Lady Macbeth.

This, then, is by way of documenting today the tall tales of tomorrow—to record, while the facts are still fresh and the day-to-day evidence indisputable, that Birgit Nilsson remains, if not the only, then the strongest link to that heroic breed of singer who gave this particular "Hall of Song" its hallmark—the ability to do best what was most unaverage, from Lilli Lehmann to Fremstad and Flagstad, and Nordica to Nilsson. . . .

Alliteration comes easily in her case, since the Metropolitan had another Nilsson (Christine) the night it opened and seems destined to have another to close the parenthesis on the night of its last opera performance on April 16. However, such thoughts were fairly remote when she made her Metropolitan debut as Isolde in 1959. It seemed appropriate to describe her, in terms borrowed from Willa Cather's *Song of the Lark* as "finally, a singer with enough," a phrase Cather had an opera enthusiast speak at the debut of a famous Wagnerian singer of another era. It did not occur to me that I was unwittingly drawing a parallel between the old Met's first great Salome, Olive Fremstad (on whose career Cather's heroine was modeled) and its last. At that time, Nilsson's Metropolitan Salome was still far in the future.

This is, perhaps, the most enticing thing in writing about Nilsson at the present moment; for, with all the diversity of her accomplishment to date, the possibilities of what she might do next year, and the year after, remain not merely unpredictable but unsuspectable. As it seems the impulse of some fine singers to specialize, to narrow their focus as their careers progress, so it

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seems hers to generalize, to expand rather than contract. Proof is easily available in statistics. It is a truism of the opera profession that a career may be made of four roles, five at most (some performers have done it with two for which they were in great demand, and a scattering of others to fill in). But Nilsson is already a paragon in five major Wagner roles, with nearly as many more by Strauss, Beethoven, and Puccini in which she has priority over most others.

Given second sight, one might have guessed as much the first time she appeared outside Scandinavia, which was as Electra in Mozart's *Idomeneo* at Glyndebourne, in 1951. It would have been a pretty piece of analogy had the report which appeared in *SR* on July 14, 1951, read: "Here is a voice destined to sing that other great Elektra, by Richard Strauss" (as Nilsson recently has in Vienna). All I could discern in the tight confines of John Christie's little theater was "a soaring dramatic voice which she may one day fully control. . . ."

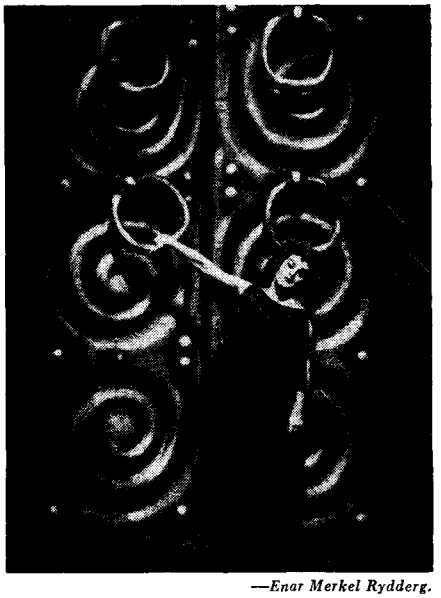
For all its inadequacy, this description touched on several points of positive identity. It was a "dramatic" voice; it was one that "soared" (meaning that its possibilities of flight were illimitable); and that it had qualities beyond her ability (at approximately thirty) to harness or command.

When next I heard her, eight years later, it was still as a singer of Mozart, though by that time her American debut (in the Hollywood Bowl) was already behind, with a Metropolitan debut only months away. She was the Donna Anna of a *Don Giovanni* recording in Vienna's Sofiensaal with Price, Siepi, Valletti, Corena, *et al.*, under Leinsdorf's direction. By that mastery of mental compartmentation that is not the least of her assets, she was concurrently appearing at the Vienna State Opera as Isolde, and preparing for her recording of *Turandot* a few weeks later in Rome. It was a foretaste of the time to come when she could cause Rudolf Bing to compliment her for being able to sing *Salome* and *Tosca* so well within the same week, and she could reply, half humorously, "Don't forget I did *Fidelio* in between."

As the common quality of the great artist in any period is to be different from most contemporaries, so it is characteristic for each of the super-breed to differ from the others in the way greatness was achieved. It was long a Famous First Principle, for developing the stamina to sing Isolde and Brünnhilde, that a singer should begin with roles in the lightest category, progress to others moderately heavier, then to the medium heavy, and so on. Flagstad's development went that way, and so it was, for her time, considered canonical. When asked about this, Nilsson replied, "I always had a loud voice." And the records substantiate that when she auditioned at about twenty, for admission to the Academy in Stockholm in 1941, it was with Elisabeth's "Prayer" from *Tannhäuser.* She has never sung any of the traditional "smaller" roles, except a Rhinemaiden in the *Ring* at the Stockholm Royal Opera House (in the same *Ring*, in 1949, she also sang her first Brünnhilde, in *Siegfried*).

Vocally she views her progress—objectively—in a sequence of stages (beginning with "loud," and progressing to such characterizations as "a natural voice"; "I had good material"). In the early stage she had a very good teacher who did much for her, especially in extending her range upward, where it was originally weak. A next teacher, a celebrated singer himself but not, for Nilsson, much of a teacher, turned her in directions she felt were wrong, and they soon parted company. She has not, since then, had formal guidance on vocal matters: "I don't trust teachers too much. No teacher can help you in that last minute" (meaning when you have to perform). In common with many others, she believes experience is the best teacher—and she has been fortunate a) to have "good material" to sustain her while she was finding the way to use it and b) the wit to recognize her shortcomings and do something about them.

Artistically, she dates her beginnings not from the Agathe in *Der Freischütz* in which she made her professional debut at the Royal Opera in 1946, but from *Lady Macbeth* a year later. She knew only the arias of Agathe's part when another singer's default provided the opportunity for a debut. In the manner of young singers, she felt the opportunity might not recur and crammed on the role for three days in order to make the debut. Result: some "musical" mistakes and a place in the black book of the veteran Leo Blech, who conducted. He marked her down as "unmusical" as well as "untalented." Had it not been for the Busch family she might have waited longer than another year for a second chance. Fritz Busch, who was then dividing his time between the Metropolitan and Copenhagen, had agreed to conduct *Lady Macbeth* in Stockholm, and asked his son Hans, a stage director at the Swedish Royal Opera, to find a "Lady." His investigations settled on the unknown Birgit Nilsson, and the results this time earned her a contract at the Royal Opera. Father Busch's endorsement of his son's judgment also earned Nilsson her invitation for Glyndebourne in 1951. By this time she had progressed beyond the Siegfried *Brünnhilde* to a *Ring* under Knappertsbusch in 1950 (Swedish was then the language for Wagner in Stockholm). This brought an offer to participate in the first post-war Bayreuth Festival in 1951, but she had already accepted for Glyndebourne and had to refuse.



—*Enar Merkel Rydderg.*

As Elektra, in Stockholm.

THE next five years were critical ones. While in England she had the opportunity to hear Flagstad as Isolde, but progress in the direction of such roles was interrupted by nearly two years' inactivity, the result of pleurisy. Those who instinctively think of Caruso's fatal illness when pleurisy is mentioned in the context of a singer, know, from the history of his case, the debilitating effect it may have on the breathing apparatus. For eight months, she says, "I didn't think I could go on being a singer." Then, when she began to work, tentatively, at regaining her ability, she found two contrary conditions: the vocal chords were stronger than they might have been without the long interruption of use, but she had frequent pain at the base of the right lung. Fortunately, she had married several years before (her husband, Bertil Niklasson, is a Swedish businessman) and perhaps was not driven by the same dire need that might have been the case with a self-supporting soprano. When she was ready to resume, as Tosca in Stockholm, her success marked 1953 as the time of a new beginning.

She was still, however, what the opera profession considers a "short soprano," her power being concentrated in the middle, with a top that was produced under difficulty. She might have gone on that way for a few years, living on the vocal capital of youthful strength and losing the top notes in a relatively short time, save for a crisis by which she was confronted before a performance of the Verdi *Requiem* with Markevitch in Brussels, in 1954. She had a cold, but no substitute was available and she had

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—*Mondadori.*

With her husband, Bertil Niklasson. Each of the dolls is dressed in the costume of a character she has performed.

to perform anyway. "I was scared," she relates. "The whole day I kept thinking: I must discover a way to sing with the cold without hurting the voice. It came to me eventually that I should try putting up the voice, into the head" (a singer's terminology for what is called "head resonance"). "Then I would push the air behind it, so the sound should float. Do you know," she added incredulously, "no teacher had ever taught me about *support*? I had to find out for myself about how to use the breath, so I could sing high notes easily. Nobody helped me. I had to find my own way to do it."

THIS was after she had performed in Bayreuth in 1953 (as soprano in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under the direction of Paul Hindemith), auditioned for Rudolf Bing in Berlin and not been accepted for the Metropolitan, and began to make something of a specialty of singing Salome (a role she performed more than eighty times before restudying it for the Metropolitan's new production in 1965). From this specialty, too, something good emerged. The need of the part for bodily movement and flexibility counteracted some habits of muscular tension that, she had been taught, were necessary to produce a big sound. Together with the "secret" she had found for the Brussels Verdi *Requiem,* this began to give the voice something of its later freedom and power.

During her Stockholm years, she had learned most of the big Wagner roles in Swedish (also the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier,* Aida, even Lisa in *Pique Dame*). Now, beginning with Elsa in 1954, she began to relearn them in German for Bayreuth, moving from one to another year by year. She characterizes Wieland Wagner as a "genius," and leaves little doubt that the kind of concentrated effort that prevails there makes sense to her and yielded profit to her command of the repertory for which she was destined. The widening of her reputation can be read in the activities that flowed from it, year by year: Munich later in 1954 (Bing saw her Salome and did not like it, a judgment in which Nilsson concurs, saying it was a poor production); Buenos Aires in 1955; the Hollywood Bowl, San Francisco, and Chicago in 1956; the *Ring* in London in 1957; *Turandot* at La Scala in 1958. From that time on, her progress can be traced in the recordings she has made.

FROM Bayreuth, too, came the idea of her current preoccupation with the two roles of Venus and Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser.* The suggestion was made by Wieland Wagner for a Bayreuth production of 1960, and she accepted. However, a conflict of rehearsal schedules gave priority to a project with the younger Wagner brother, Wolfgang, and *Tannhäuser* had to be put off. It stands, then, that Nilsson will be the first Wagnerian artist to confront the challenge on the vocal scale required for such a theater as the Metropolitan, on March 19.

This is not to say it hasn't occurred to others previously. It is another of the strange coincidences that dot the history of opera and the transmission of impulses from one generation to the next, that the singer to whom Nilsson was likened in these pages after her Metropolitan debut held the same project dear to her heart. Olive Fremstad, too, was Swedish-born (she came to the United States as a child and had her musical as well as general education here), a fact that merely adds interest to the community of impulse. How she felt about it may be derived from the pages of Carl van Vechten's *Interpreters and Interpretations* (Knopf, 1917):

> Her Venus was another story [Van Vechten had just described her Elsa as "the finest I have even seen"]. She yearned for years to sing Elisabeth, and when she had satisfied this ambition, she could be persuaded only with difficulty to appear as the goddess. She told me once that she would like to sing both rôles in a single evening—a possible feat, as the two characters never appear together; Rita Fornia, I believe, accomplished the dual impersonation on one occasion at the behest of Colonel Savage.* She had in mind a heroine with a dual nature, sacred and profane love so to speak, and Tannhäuser at the mercy of this geminiborn wight. She was never permitted to try this experiment at the Metropolitan, but during her last season there she appeared as Elizabeth. Montreal, and perhaps Brooklyn, had seen this impersonation before it was vouchsafed to New York. Fremstad never succeeded in being very convincing in this role. I do not exactly understand why, as its possibilities seem to lie within her limitations. Nor did she sing the music well. On the other hand, her abundantly beautiful and voluptuous Venus, a splendidly towering, blonde figure, shimmering in flesh-coloured garments, was one of her astoundingly accurate characterizations. At the opposite pole to her Sieglinde, it was equally a masterpiece of the interpretative art, like Duse's Camille "positively enthralling as an exhibition of the gymnastics of perfect suppleness and grace." In both these instances she was inspired perhaps to realize something a little more wonderful than the composer himself had dreamed of. The depth and subtlety and refinement of intense passion were in this Venus—there was no suggestion here of what Sidney Homer once referred to as Mme. Homer's "platonic Venus!"

As Van Vechten's comment suggests, the idea of a single performer appearing as Venus and Elisabeth is not new, and has been current for fifty years at least. After all, it is not unknown for the same performer to do the roles at *different* times, as such Metropolitan

(*Continued on page* 59)

*Rita Fornia was a San Francisco-born soprano, and pupil of Jean de Reszke, who appeared as Suzuki in Toscanini's first *Butterfly* at the Metropolitan in 1908 (with Farrar, Caruso, and Scotti) and was frequently heard as a Norn, Rhinemaiden, or Valkyrie in later years. Col. Henry Savage was best known for his connection with the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, and also directed touring companies that presented such "new" operas as *Parsifal* and *Butterfly* nationwide in English.

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The Art of the Second Guess

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST has recently been aroused by the performance of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, an unfinished work first patched up by Krenek and now "completed" by Deryck Cooke. Such torsos are always intriguing and sooner or later a hardy soul comes along who conjures up the missing limbs. Schubert's so-called Unfinished Symphony was similarly equipped with a scherzo by an Australian conductor, Denis Vaughan, who recorded it recently, and some time ago Donald Tovey essayed nothing less than the completion of the last tremendous fugue in Bach's *The Art of Fugue*. Whenever this sort of thing is done the papers dutifully report that "Mr. X, a musicologist," has succeeded in completing the truncated work. Well, one never hears of an archeologist adding a missing arm *of his own making* to a recovered Venus, nor would his musicologist colleague do any such thing to a symphony. Tovey, Cooke, Vaughan, and all the others are capable musicians, but no scholars. The scholar establishes authentic texts, literary or musical; he leaves out nothing and carefully refrains from adding anything, for to him an artistic document is sacred even to its moles and warts. He knows that any arbitrary change in a composer's work, let alone an addition to it, is an unwarrantable intrusion of intellectual speculation into the primary and instinctive musicality of a totally distinct creative personality. The poetic idea as formed by the power of imagination transcends melody, rhythm, dynamics, and everything else. To attempt a continuation of an unfinished composition is as ill-advised as to make an English translation of Plato from a German adaptation.

Take the case of Tovey *vs.* Bach. Counterpoint is certainly a rational, intellectual, constructive method of musical composition; a well-trained musician like Tovey can write a "traditional" fugue without a hitch. But counterpoint becomes a living art only when it goes beyond the rational, and in *that* region the Toveys are hopelessly lost. Such musicians usually compose well but not well enough to engage our interest in their music for its own sake. As they work within the unfinished frame of another man's ideas their spirit is caged by the questioning intellect but also by a certain possessiveness, an identification of the idea with their own role; they will say, even if unconsciously, what will make that role significant. Now in this they have an honorable ancestry, for up to the second half of the eighteenth century it was an accepted procedure to borrow materials, even whole movements, from other composers. But while the modern arranger self-consciously claims that he respects the original composer's intentions and even believes that his arrangement or completion of a work faithfully reflects these intentions, the eighteenth-century composer frankly appropriated the foreign goods for his own purposes. When Bach lifted something from Reinken or Legrenzi, Handel from Carissimi or Bononcini, it became his personal property; the "other" man disappeared altogether. This is largely true of that other frequent form of meddling with an original composition, the orchestral transcription of keyboard works. Schoenberg's or Malipiero's transcriptions of Bach's organ works completely change the physiognomy of the original compositions. The transcriber-arrangers are aware of this and are not a bit bashful about hyphenating their names with those of their victims. Very few people in this country are acquainted with original compositions by Busoni, but many know him as the other half of Bach.

To say that genius is a condition of abnormality is a dangerous doctrine. Bach was a genius, yet he stands there as the symbol of absolute sanity. It would be more accurate to say that the work of genius is the spiritual reflection of a vital élan that demands expression. We distinguish between two facets of expression: one is more or less clearly intended by the composer, that is, planned and deliberate, the other "spontaneous," that is, not premeditated and, so to speak, involuntary but marked by what Coleridge called "poetic logic." The composer's imaginative experience, his mastery of the craft of composition, and his innate sense of proportion all play their due part. Needless to say, in actual practice the lines cannot be so neatly drawn; nevertheless, the two categories do exist and their interplay can be apprehended and pointed out—*in a finished composition*. But how should the arranger set his imagination to work upon fragments, how can he predict the manifestations of the constructive, formal, organizing intellect, the conscious exercise of artistic will, and above all the functioning of the "poetic logic" of another creative mind?

The musician who completes Mahler or Schubert feels that composer's strong personality, but it is difficult to formulate this feeling in actual notes. As soon as he attempts to "verbalize" his feelings by continuing the interrupted flow of the other's thought, the peculiar becomes typical and the unified disintegrates into its components. The operation becomes little more than an exercise in ingenuity, or at its best a sort of reflection, though it can become a receptacle for the detritus from a minor composer's thought. Perhaps the most noteworthy completion job is Süssmayr's performed on Mozart's *Requiem*, but it is also an exceptional one. Süssmayr was present most of the time Mozart worked on his sickbed; they tried out portions of the work as soon as the dying composer sketched the outlines. Süssmayr was thoroughly familiar with Mozart's intentions and in the possession of many sketches (now lost) given him by Mozart's widow. Even so, we can tell with considerable certainty where Mozart ends and where his amanuensis, an excellent composer steeped in Mozartean musical lore, begins.

I have mentioned the two most prevalent forms of interference with an original musical composition: completion and transcription. There is a third form of arrangement that we may call "modernization," and it again shows its perpetrators' inability to realize the impossibility of separating matter from manner and substance from style, especially when a long-departed composer is being modernized. Here again we are dealing with extremes: from Grieg's incredibly tasteless additions to Mozart's piano sonatas to Mozart's imaginative reworkings of Handel's scores. The latter offer a particularly interesting and instructive case, because Mozart did not simply reorchestrate Handel; he reached into the innards of the works. These ar-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Mostly from Missouri

By OLIVER DANIEL

MOST OF our younger composers show little interest in one of the besetting problems that deeply concerned those of previous generations: evolving a style and manner that would be distinctly recognized as American. While nationalism is not a popular virtue in current esthetic circles, it led many composers of the past generation toward an exploration of our indigenous folk heritage and the creation of some of their finest efforts. The roster of composers who self-consciously sought to give an American flavor to their works reads like a *Who's Who* of American music.

Among current releases there are two symphonies stemming from American hymnic traditions, composed by two Missourians: Virgil Thomson and Ray Green. Thomson's *Symphony on a Hymn Tune*, which he began in Paris in 1926 and completed two years later, has been recorded for the first time by Howard Hanson with the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra (Mercury Stereo SR90429, $5.79); Ray Green's *Sunday Sing Symphony* is conducted by Max Schoenherr with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra (Desto DST-6420, mono, $4.98; stereo, $5.98). Both draw on the rich lode of hymns, anthems, fuguing tunes, shape-note hymns, hoots, and hollers that have nourished many American composers. Charles Ives's works, including his monumental *Fourth Symphony*, also bristle with the hymn tunes and songs he remembered from his childhood. Others, too, used direct quotations or patterned works on such early ideas as the hymn and fuguing tune. One of the most adroit in using such American folk material is Virgil Thomson. His predilection is for the typical Baptist hymns that he had heard in his native Missouri: hymns that were simple, more diatonic than modal and decidedly popular. He uses them well. And as Ives once observed, "It may be possible that a month in a Kansas wheat field will do more for [a composer] than three years in Rome." In Thomson's case, read Paris instead of Rome. It was there while fighting the "battle of Boulanger" he learned his craft, but it was in the Bible Belt that he found certain inspiration. In Paris, he tells us, "I wrote music that was always in one way or another about Kansas City. I wanted Paris to know Kansas City, to understand the way we like to think and feel on the banks of the Kaw and the Missouri."

While working on his symphony in Paris he also composed a set of *Variations on Sunday School Tunes*, for organ. The tunes were *Come Ye Disconsolate*; *There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus (No Not One)*; *Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown*? and *Shall We Gather at the River*? In both of these works he was able to intermix reverence and irreverence, wit and humor, the latter often of a true "dead pan" variety.

As the thematic basis for his symphony he chose the old tune *How Firm a Foundation* but also included fragments of *Yes Jesus Loves Me* and even a phrase of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Like Ives, though not primitively so, Thomson weaves together musical ideas that seem quite unrelated, but he does so with a sure and knowing hand. He adds just the right amount of off-key, wrong-note dissonance to give it a delicious piquancy. Along with the simple triadic harmonies found in the conventional hymn tunes, Thomson combines rows of parallel thirds over series of parallel fifths. Every now and then he seems to hint at the slightly off-key singing of rural choirs or the out-of-tune, sweet-sour melodeons that wheezed and whined in country churches. And then, quite singularly, he adds effects that seem archaically Gothic.

It is curious that this delightful provocative work did not immediately "catch on." It certainly should have, for it is one of the best American symphonic works of its decade. While it seems ridiculous that we have had to wait fifty years for the first performance and recording of Ives's *Fourth Symphony*, it is almost equally so that forty years should elapse between the time Thomson began his *Symphony* and this current first recording. The work is attractive, intriguing and easy to take; simple on the surface, it is deceptively sophisticated.

The reverse side of this disc contains two works written for the 1964 Coolidge Festival in Washington: Thomson's *The Feast of Love* and *Four Psalms* of Hanson. The first is based on an anonymous Latin poem *Pervigilium Veneris*, which has been freely translated by Thomson. His sense of prosody is immaculate, and it is a pleasure to discover a work that flows so naturally. The orchestral setting is rich without being heavy, and baritone Donald Clatworthy sings with warmth and splendid diction. The text thoughtfully reproduced on the jacket begins joyfully:

> Tomorrow all know love;
> Love knows all tomorrow.
>
> O, spring, singing spring!
> Singing in spring, lovers love and all birds mate;
> Under spring's warm rain Diana's woods unbind their hair.

Superficially the *Four Psalms* of Hanson, skillfully sung by baritone Gene Boucher, exhibit many similarities. They, too, are relatively direct, though much richer in orchestral texture. Unlike Thomson, who can make quaintness and simplicity a virtue, Hanson here has given us four pieces that to me merely sound old-fashioned. Although they won considerable critical acclaim following their first performance in Washington, I find them less rewarding than many other Hanson works. But, as a conductor, Howard Hanson looms large on this disc and he reminds us that he is one of the finest conductors of American symphonic music. The Eastman-Rochester Orchestra is superb and the recording sonically excellent.

Ray Green's *Sunday Sing Symphony* was composed in 1946 and first recorded in Vienna in 1953 by the American Recording Society. A second recording, this time by the Hessian Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by David Van Vactor, was produced in 1963 and released on CRI Composers Recordings. Like Thomson, Ray Green was deeply affected by the rural hymnody of his native Missouri and incorporated much of it in his Symphony. The first of his five movements is a fuguing tune; the second is based on a hymn tune, *Help Me to Sing*; the third, a quiet movement, follows the hymn *Help Me to Quietude*; fourth, *Help Me to Joy*; and the concluding movement is called *Exit Tune*. Green skillfully utilizes many characteristics of the shape-note hymns as well as those of the early fuguing tunes which gave his work a strong regional flavor.

Unfortunately, Green lacks the deftness of Thomson and his *Symphony* seems overlong and heavy handed by comparison.

The companion piece here is a *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* by Alexei Haieff which is a sparkling neo-classic piece gleaming with professional sheen. It is urbane, tasteful, attractive, and unoriginal. But Haieff is so skillful and manipulates his musical material with such craft that it is always a pleasure to hear him. This recording is conducted by Walter Hendl, with pianist Leo Smit.

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Recordings in Review

The Quiet Russian

BACH: *Five Preludes and Fugues.* SCHUBERT: *Allegretto in C minor, Ländler in A.* SCHUMANN: *Theme and Variations on A-B-E-G-G.* RACHMANINOFF: *Prelude in G minor. (Op. 32, No. 12).* PROKOFIEV: *Visions Fugitives, Op. 22, Nos. 3, 6, and 9. Sviatoslav Richter, piano.* DGG stereo 138950, $5.79.

The character of S. Richter may best be defined by saying that every time it appears to be defined something comes along to call for a redefinition. As, for example, the contents of this disc, which are a throwback to the introspection and calm of some of the earliest examples of his artistry to circulate here, before he had become a public "personality." They are described as by-products of recital appearances in Italy, similar in origin, thus, to earlier issues by DGG. The supposition must be that Richter enjoys playing in Italy, or that the *direction artistique* of DGG's Manfred Richter (whoever he may be) is exercised with rare discrimination on the material available for choice.

Here, for example, one may spend an utterly absorbing half-hour with Richter as an interpreter of five preludes and fugues from the *Well-Tempered Clavichord.* They (Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, and 8) are anything but academic in conception, but nothing at all like demonstrative in execution. Rather, they suggest the delight such a musical mind as Richter's might take in applying all the tonal resources at his command to the illumination of Bach's interwoven voices and pattern. When as in the first prelude in C major, there is a minimum of contrapuntal interplay, there is a subtle infusion of color to characterize and personalize. On the other hand, in the fugue of the E-flat minor, the dueting voices have an almost tenor-baritone contrast in timbres to define more clearly what Bach gave them to say.

Side 2 does not have the unifying factor of a single composer's identity, but it fascinates none the less for the mood of reflection and introspection that is so well sustained from first to last. Those who note the presence of Rachmaninoff's G-minor prelude may rise to challenge that statement, but they should know this is not "the" prelude in G minor (Opus 23) but another, better piece in the same key (Opus 32) that does indeed, lend itself to reflection and instropection. Beyond that, however, it may be stated, unequivocally, that whoever has not heard *this* Richter performance of Schumann's A-B-E-G-G variations has not really heard Richter—nor, for that matter, Schumann's A-B-E-G-G variations. It is a miracle of finger fleetness allied with musical purpose. There is the same equilibrium of means and purpose in the *Visions Fugitives,* while the Schubert recalls that fine Columbia issue of 1959 which, for some, remains the definitive Richter—assuming there is such a thing.

Erna Berger—"soft-voiced Mimi."

The Voice of Hanne-Lore Kuhse

WAGNER: *Wesendonck lieder.* STRAUSS: *Four Last Songs. Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano, with the orchestra of the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, conducted by Václav Neumann.* Eterna Bestell-Nr. 820469, $5.95.

It is not ordinarily the practice of RECORDINGS to direct attention to issues that are not readily available for purchase, but an exceptional record merits exceptional consideration. To judge from this sample of abilities, Kuhse would be as well known in West Germany, England, and the United States as she is in Leipzig and East Berlin, were circumstances other than they are. Her debut apparently dates to 1951, and her roles include Turandot as well as Isolde.

To my ear this is not the kind of overpowering, all-conquering sound such as Nilsson commands, but something more on the order of Frida Leider. That is, it is rich in expressivity, full of nuance and inflections of color, as responsive at the bottom of the scale as it is in the middle. Her reputation as a lieder singer and concert performer as well as an interpreter of operatic roles is certainly supported by the attention to word and meaning that characterizes her work here.

That much applies to the Wesendonck songs. For the Strauss material Kuhse effects a remarkable vocal transformation, or perhaps it is the means at her disposal that are altered. In any case, the sound is decidedly brighter, with a good deal more flexibility at the top and a degree of ease in the performance of this high-lying material that had hitherto seemed the sole possession of Lisa della Casa. Because of the large air space around the sound (suggesting either an echo chamber or artificial resonance of some kind) judgment on the size of the Kuhse voice is necessarily tentative; but there can be absolutely no question of her artistry or musicianship.

From the Berlin Städtische

PUCCINI: *"Man nennt mich jetz nur Mimi," Erna Berger, soprano, "Ach, Geliebte, nie kehrest du mir wieder" (La Bohème). Marcel Wittrisch, tenor, and Hans Reinmar, baritone.* FLOTOW: *"Ach so fromm" (Martha). Louis Graveure, tenor.* WAGNER: *"O du mein holder Abendstern" (Tannhäuser). Herbert Janssen, baritone.* MOZART: *"Dort vergiss leises Flehn" (Figaro). Leo Schützendorf, bass.* WEBER: *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer" (Oberon). Gertrud Bindernagel, soprano.* VERDI: *"Jeder Knabe" (Otello). Martin Oehman, tenor. "Ich glaub' an einen Gott" (Otello). Wilhelm Rode, baritone.* GOUNOD: *Serenade (Faust). Michael Bohnen, baritone.* WAGNER: *"Winterstürme" (Die Walküre) Paul Kötter, tenor.* PUCCINI: *"Väterchen, teüres, höre" (Gianni Schicci). Irene Eisinger, soprano; "Un bel di" (Butterfly) Daniza Ilitsch, soprano.* ROSSINI: *"Largo al factotum" (Barbiere). Karl Schmitt-Walter, baritone.* Telefunken HT 25, $5.79.

Give a vocal fancier a record in which familiar music is sung in unfamiliar contexts (of languages and voices) and he will settle happily for an hour's pleasure or, for that matter, a record in which familiar voices are heard doing unfamiliar things. Add one to the other, and the pleasure content is not merely doubled, but quadrupled, as is the case here.

For some, this collection, bringing together voices associated with Berlin's *Städtische Oper,* will revive memories of such Metropolitan performers as Erna Berger, Michael Bohnen, and Daniza Ilitsch. However, nobody on this side of the ocean ever heard Berger as the soft-voiced Mimi of Puccini's *Bohème* (*"Man nennt mich jetzt nur Mimi"*) or

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Ilitsch sounding as well as she does as Madama Butterfly (she sings her *"Un bel dì"* in Italian, despite the German billing on the sleeve). Bohnen's Mephistophelès (in French) was not unknown, but I have rarely heard a better reproduction of the kind of vocal virtuosity he purveyed than this sample of his voice in 1930.

On the other hand, the collection is also rich in samples of the unfamiliar voices performing familiar music, these ranging from the legendary Bindernagel supporting every adjective of her legend with a spellbinding *"Ozean,"* Wilhelm Rode performing an imposing Credo, Louis Graveure, who had spent most of his American career as a baritone, sporting his tenor transformation in *Ach so fromm* (*"M'Appari"*), and Irene Eisinger, known as a sweet-voiced soprano in German musical films of the Thirties, showing herself to be equally sweet-voiced in *"O babbino caro"* (here *"Vätterchen, teures, höre"*). I regret not having heard so capable a Siegmund as Paul Kötter shows himself to be in *Winterstürme*, but I am equally happy not to have been exposed to Karl Schmitt-Walter's kind of "Largo al factotum" (complete with a high C yet) or the saccharine thing Marcel Wittrisch and Hans Reinmar make of their *Bohème* duet. Taken all together, it is an engaging kind of operatic vaudeville, with a distinctive period flavor.

The Other McCracken

VERDI: *"Ah si, ben mio," "Di quella pira" (Il Trovatore); "La vita è inferno . . . O tu che in seno" (Forza del Destino); "Niun mi tema" (Otello).* LEONCAVALLO: *"Vesti la giubba" (Pagliacci).* PUCCINI: *"Una parola sola" (La Fanciulla del West).* GOUNOD: *"Salut! demeure" (Faust).* WAGNER: *"Morgenlich leuchtend" (Die Meistersinger); "Romerzählung" (Tannhäuser).* WEBER: *"Durch die Wälder" (Der Freischütz). James McCracken, tenor, with the Vienna Opera Orchestra.* London stereo 25948, $5.79; mono 5948, $4.79.

One of the problems that makes for a community of interest among opera impresarios who are otherwise likely to be rivals is: What do you do with James McCracken when he is not singing Otello? Each has his own approach (in this Otello-less year at the Metropolitan he has been heard as Samson and Gehrmann in *Pique Dame*), which may or may not be amended by this disc. Certainly it is not likely to stimulate a demand for him to perform in Gounod's *Faust*, for his *"Salut demeure"* is the most robust in memory, properly to be addressed to some such building as the Nuremberg Rathaus. To be sure, it has a stunning high C (as does *"Di quella pira"*)—and isn't Vienna the place where Cs are higher than elsewhere?

For my taste, the possibilities of McCracken are most appetite-whetting in the German material, including Max's *"Durch die Wälder"* (for all that it has a different timbre than other tracks, and seems to be the product of a different mike arrangement) as well as the *Prize Song* and Tannhäuser's *Narrative*. As has been the case with some other singers, a vocal quality that is not above average in Italian or French repertory may sound quite exciting in German material, where even average voices are exceptions. McCracken is fluent in German and sings it well, not merely in the context of vocal sound but in the transmission of meaning. Then, too, some vocal mannerisms—such as pushing into a tone from below—which are disturbing in Verdi or Leoncavallo are much less so in Wagner. Best of all, he has the power to take the top tones of the *Romerzählung* in stride and without strain.

So far as the other material is concerned (Verdi, Puccini, and Leoncavallo), it must be said that McCracken sounds infinitely more relaxed and free in the Vienna studio than he customarily has in the Metropolitan. What that means, of course, is that we have something to look forward to that has not yet been heard from McCracken. Dietfried Bernet's background is wholly undocumented on this release, but the order of collaboration he provides invites further opportunities.

Mozart by Kraus

MOZART: *Concertos in A major (No. 12, K. 414), B flat (No. 18, K. 456), D minor (No. 20, K. 466), A major (No. 23, K. 488), C minor (No. 24, K. 491), and D major (K. 537). Lili Kraus, piano, with the Vienna Festival Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon.* Epic stereo BSC 154, $5.79; mono BC 1316, $4.79.

The designation of this issue as "Volume I" suggests that it is the beginning of a series from which more can be expected. Investigation at the source (Epic) discloses that there are, indeed, more tapes processed or in being, totaling in all fifteen concertos, which should cover the total literature of the works commonly considered representative. Whether this is equivalent of the line on the box stating "Complete piano concertos of Mozart" remains for the future to demonstrate.

So far as the soloist is concerned, such an undertaking is altogether in order. Lili Kraus has been an established brand name in Mozart for decades, in some instances responsible for versions of these works (such as K. 456 in the above list) when there was no other available. If there is any implication in this that time is running against her, it should be contradicted at once. Her hands are as sure as they have ever been, perhaps even surer, her mind as clear in its purpose as any prior accomplishment would lead one to expect. The outcome, in these performances, is solo parts as finely molded and direct in their statement as one could ask.

—*Eugene Cook.*

James McCracken—"something to look forward to."

However, the Mozart concertos of the order represented in this collection are less a matter of "solo" and "accompaniment" than virtually anything in the concerto repertory. Parity of intention is not enough: there must be equality of execution if the requirements of the composer are to be met. Simon, however, is more often well-intentioned than he is capable of equality of execution. The works fare best where the piano is performing alone, next best when the piano and the orchestra are performing together, least well when the orchestra is wholly dependent on Simon's leadership. As indicated above, this is not for lack of understanding of what is to be done, but rather for lack of the control to make the players produce it, sometimes because of accelerations and accents that result in an erratic statement of something that Kraus has, a moment before, articulated perfectly.

On the side of advantage on this disc is a welcome degree of enthusiasm and freshness of feeling; but the finesse that the Kraus kind of Mozart merits comes and goes, according to the circumstances described above.

Technically, these products of the Mozartsaal in Vienna are of the quality to be expected from Epic, which is to say, with sound values equal to the best. Not as much can be said for the annotation, which is restricted in space for a project of this magnitude, and neglects such essential information as the authorship of the cadenzas for any of the works. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORKS, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite. Georg Solti conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CS 6469, $5.79. Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra. Janáček: Sinfonietta, Op. 60. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo MS 6815, $5.79, mono ML 6221, $4.79.	One rarely encounters two such evenly matched performances of a challenging work, even to the extent that each conductor enjoys a closer than average relationship with the orchestra of record. At first impact there is some suggestion that Solti's is more dynamic, Szell's more refined, but as the impressions accumulate it becomes clear (to me, at least) that the latter's command of the work's varying moods and contrasting styles of expression is superior to his younger contemporary's, that he gets more out of it, indeed, than any interpreter to date. In addition, his version of the Janáček is the best currently available. On its own, Solti's coupling is a great credit to all concerned in it.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 59 (in A) and No. 81 (in G). Antal Dorati conducting the Festival Chamber Orchestra. Mercury stereo SR 90436, $5.79; mono MG 50436, $4.79.	Among the numerous "new" Haydn symphonies that have become available on records for the first time in the last decade or so, these command more interest than the average. Some of this relates to inherent quality, but more than a little to the verve and perception of Dorati's restatement. He is one of the few conductors of high proficiency who has applied himself to these works, and the results are evident in the clarity, balance, and sonority of the orchestral sound. Fifteen years separate the two scores, and there is an appreciable difference in the musical skills they embody, especially in orchestral fulness. Dorati is equally attentive to the problems each presents, and the tricky problem of reproducing "middle" Haydn, where the scoring is mainly on the top, with little bass, has been resourcefully accomplished under Harold Lawrence's supervision. The playing of the English ensemble is very good.
Josten: *Concerto Sacro, I-II*. Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony Orchestra. Composers' Recordings, Inc., stereo S-200, $5.95; mono 200, $5.95.	For those to whom the name may be unfamiliar, Werner Josten may be identified as a German-born musician who was for many years professor of music at Smith College, where he attracted attention for his pioneering service as a conductor of such then (1926) little-known works as Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and Handel's *Julius Caesar*. In these best known of his own compositions, one encounters a broad surge of melody and a strong sense of form encumbered by a pedantic turn of thought. Also less than advantageous is the reproduction, which has a mushy, ill-defined aural characteristic that suggests a large surrounding space but is more likely the result of electronic "resonance" (echo chamber, etc.). In any case, the outcome, with its ill-defined piano is an acoustical mismatch or, as the word is sometimes spelled, mishmash.
Kodály: *Háry János* Suite; *Variations on a Hungarian Folk Song*. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Toni Koves-Steiner, cimbalom. RCA Victor stereo LSC 2859, $5.79, mono LM 2859, $4.79.	The qualities that link the two sides of this record are not so much the creative ones contributed by Kodály as the recreative ones contributed by Leinsdorf and the orchestra. That is to say, though they are separated by a dozen years of Kodály's career, and one is derived from a stage work, the other created as a concert piece, they come out sounding very much the same. The emphasis in both performances is more on workmanship than character, to the advantage of texture rather than substance. Lightness, fantasy, humor—these are all in rather limited supply. The reproduction of the orchestra is of its recent, usual high level.
Prokofiev: *Stone Flower* (excerpts). Silvio Varviso conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London stereo CS 6458, $5.79; mono CM 9458, $4.79.	*Stone Flower* is not the best ballet score of Prokofiev's late years, but it has more qualities of interest than are conveyed under Varviso's direction. As in some other ventures associated with him, his attention inclines to be directed to the surface of the score with which he is concerned at the expense of other values it may contain. The reference here is not so much to meaning as to texture: too much top and bottom, not enough attention to what is going on in between. This may be an acceptable manner of treatment for some ballet scores, but Prokofiev expended too much thought on countermovement of inner parts for justice to be done this way. The excerpts begin with the prologue and the four acts of the ballet are represented.
Tippett: *Fantasia Concertante (on a Theme of Corelli)*. Yehudi Menuhin and Robert Masters, violins, and Derek Simpson, cello, with the composer conducting. Corelli: Concerto Grosso in F, Op. 6, No. 2. Same soloists, with Menuhin conducting. Britten: *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*. Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra. Angel stereo S 36303, $5.79; mono 36303, $4.79.	The quality of the content, as well as its variety, contribute much to the interest of a disc that might be, but isn't, confined to a show of versatility on Menuhin's part. Of the two contemporary works, the Britten (from the composer's youth) is now approaching the condition of a "classic," while the Tippett is much more challenging in its utilization of the strings in the evolution of a tonal structure. Some of the blocks of sonority in which Tippett imposes his personality on Corelli's strike me as wilful rather than inevitable, but Tippett manages always to move them about so that order emerges from the seeming chaos. It is, in any case, a work of strength, richness, and compositional assurance in which the composer commands a devoted response from his performers. The works of Corelli and Britten have the special interest of demonstrating the extent to which Menuhin's conducting mirrors his performing personality, in sharply defined rhythms, an insistent pattern of dynamics, and—not least—a preference for faster than customary tempi (especially in the Britten). But the activity is clearly congenial to him, and one he should pursue.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1; *Festive* Overture. Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Artia stereo ALPS 710, $5.98; mono ALP 710, $4.98.	Most performances of Shostakovich's early masterpiece tend to sound alike, but Ancerl gives his a large share of individuality by the life and zest he imparts to its fast movements, and the free-flowing melodic current of the lento. The end rather cheapens Shostakovich's own nearly vulgar climax, but it is an impressive accomplishment anyway. The Festive Overture of 1954 is something of a sleeper—propulsive, enlivening, and conducive of the excitement that Shostakovich has tried to achieve in some of his symphonic finales and not quite conveyed. Good sound, too.
Vivaldi: Concerto in F (P. 290); Concerto in D (P. 165); Concerto *Funebre* (P. 385); and Concerto in C (P. 14). I Solisti Veneti. Columbia stereo MS 6821, $5.79; mono ML 6221, $4.79.	Rather than being an addition to the previous well-known ensembles (Rome, Milan, Naples, Zagreb) that perform this literature, the "new" entity from Venice is more of a splinter "group" that includes performers from several of the older ones. Its technical attributes are excellent, as is the quality of sound it produces; but the manner of performance strikes me as bland, lacking forceful direction or real insight. The solo violinist in all four works is Piero Toso, who is joined in P. 385 by oboist André Ladrot. Very good balance and reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Continued from page 50

rangements have their own Köchel numbers, and deserve to have them, but Mozart's version of *Messiah* or *Alexander's Feast* is no longer Handel. Where the minor composer is awed and unsure of himself, the genius is fascinated and spurred on, espying "possibilities" that a truly creative mind simply cannot resist exploring. Thus, while adding the resources of the full classical orchestra to Handel's modest baroque ensemble, Mozart succumbed to the temptation of seizing thematic bits to "play" with them in a symphonic spirit—and when Mozart plays it is a very serious matter. These Mozartean arrangements will remain interesting as documents; we can discern in them the working of an exceptional musical mind. But we are doing Handel a grave injustice when we permit his works to be performed in Mozart's adaptations, for modernizing is not possible in true art. Only the composer himself can modernize his own work, as he at times does in the case of his earlier compositions, though not invariably with success.

THE days of the fancy transcriptions choked with the flotsam and jetsam of the post-Romantic period are numbered. Though here and there a Bach fugue is still heard in a bloated transcription, the anachronistic fad is being superseded by a desire to hear the composer's original version. The equally futile game of completing musical torsos will also have to be abandoned. We have learned to appreciate the mutilated statuary and architecture of classical antiquity and we cherish sketches and unfinished canvases. The same respect for the remnants of masterpieces must be cultivated in music. Admittedly, some of these unfinished works will be appreciated only by professionals, but many of them can be performed as they are. *The Art of Fugue* is usually played up to the point where Bach stopped; and no one really feels stranded after the second movement of Schubert's B-minor symphony has been played, any more than he misses the continuation of Beethoven's F-sharp minor sonata. In view of the richness of the musical literature as compared to what our programs offer, there is no need for hypothetical compositions.

—PAUL HENRY LANG.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: John Dryden (1), Thomas Shadwell (7), Nahum Tate (10), Nicholas Rowe (6), Colley Cibber (3), Thomas Warton (4), Robert Southey (2), William Wordsworth (9), Alfred Tennyson (12), Alfred Austin (5), Robert Bridges (8), John Masefield (11).

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Preludes; *Berceuse*; F-minor Fantasy. Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. Vanguard mono VRS 1151, $4.79; stereo VSD 71151, $5.79.	One sometimes wonders what text of the Preludes Miss Darré is using to account for some of the little deviations and differences from such a standard as the Paderewski edition. However, the phrasings and dynamics are, of themselves, always within the range of musical possibility, and project another view of how Chopin might have expressed himself (as in the dynamics of No. 4 or the time values of No. 17). In any case, Darré administers all her inclinations with a degree of loving care and a concern for meaning that invite such terms as "winning," "appealing," and "ingratiating," not to say irresistible.
Chopin (Rosenthal): *Etude on the "Minute Waltz."* Bizet (Rachmaninoff): Minuet *(L'Arlesienne).* Kreisler (Rachmaninoff): *Liebesleid.* Mendelssohn (Rachmaninoff): Scherzo *(A Midsummer Night's Dream* music). Schubert (Liszt): *Soirées de Vienne (No. 6).* Strauss (Godowsky): *Symphonic Metamorphosis on "Wine, Women and Song."* Strauss (Tausig): *One Lives Only Once.* Rosenthal: *Carnival de Vienne.* Charles Rosen, piano. Epic mono LC 3912, $4.79; stereo BC 1312, $5.79.	Rosen's identification with the more intellectual challenges of the piano literature is contradicted here by his choice of material with no less, but totally different, demands. The results are proof of his ability to unbend without losing balance, and his facility in unraveling difficulties that are technical rather than structural. He always has the interests of the composer at heart as well as the purposes of the arranger in mind, which is about the best possible formula for material of this (sometimes) ambivalent character. There could be more lightness without verging on anything to be called "giddy," but it is a more than promising change of character for a performer who has much to give.
Granados: *Allegro de Concierto; Danza Lenta; Valses Poeticos; Seis Piezas sobre cantos populares españoles.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Epic mono LC 3910, $4.79; stereo BC 1310, $5.79.	Well as she plays other things (and her recent performance with the New York Philharmonic qualified her for high rank among Mozart interpreters) de Larrocha is even better in Spanish music. And she is at her best when it is the music of Granados, as has been demonstrated on sundry recordings in the past. So far as I can determine, the material offered here has not been included on a de Larrocha record available in the American market, and is the more welcome therefore. The musical impulse that animates her performance of the *Valses Poeticos* would be disarming in any circumstances, but the kind of facility she commands converts it into an inimitable experience. Few others now active have so insinuating a command of *rubato*. The only complaint, indeed, is that the instrument she uses is not worthy of the kind of playing de Larrocha does on it.
Mozart: March in D (K.249); German Dances (K.600); March (K.335, No. 1); Minuets (K.568). Willi Boskovsky and the Vienna Mozart Ensemble. London mono CM 9414, $4.79; stereo CS 6414, $5.79.	Hard as it is to make the admission, it must be acknowledged that even Mozart had his off days, in which ideas were elusive even if his skill remained constant. What he snared for the necessary purposes of the German dances were hardly up to the quality that came to him otherwise. There is rather more satisfaction in the minuets written for dances in the *Redoutensaal* (Assembly Hall) of the Imperial Palace during the Carnival season of 1788. Boskovsky and his versatile ensemble perform them about as well as they could be performed.
Rossini: Quartet in B-flat minor. Ponchielli: Quartet in E flat. Cambini: Quintet in F. Vivaldi: Concerto in G minor. Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble. Columbia mono ML 6179, $4.79; stereo MS 6799, $5.79.	Like the recent disc that included concerti by Donizetti and Bellini, this one offers a new aspect of the art (instrumental) of two men known best for their operatic achievements. Rossini's work is typically fluent, and bears its composer's signature in the artful intertwining of voices (flute, clarinet, bassoon, French horn). The Ponchielli shows an early (1856) disposition to the flourishes of the "Dance of the Hours" variety, also the generally stately kind of melody best known from *Gioconda.* Here the flute, oboe, and two clarinets are sustained by piano. The Vivaldi bears Pincherle number 402, and provides ample opportunity for the players (flute, oboe, bassoon) to disport themselves. Cambini affords, if no special interest, an entertaining general kind. The players are all members of the Philadelphia Orchestra (with the exception of pianist Anthony di Bonaventura) and include Murray Panitz, flute, John de Lancie, oboe; Anthony Gigliotti and Donald Montanaro, clarinets; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and Mason Jones, horn.
Schubert: Quartets in A minor (No. 13) and G minor (No. 9). Juilliard Quartet. Epic mono LC 3913, $4.79; stereo BC 1313, $5.79.	By some measurements of the composer's temperature (Viennese, for example) this is not the warmest Schubert, but it is distinguished by many musical insights and a considerable degree of sensitivity. This is especially apparent in the A-minor quartet, where the philosophical, as distinguished from the purely musical tone is admirably understated. This permits the expressivity inherent in the music to make its effect without exaggeration or insistence. The earlier (1815) G minor is less individual, however much the "annotation" may insist—for reasons of sales appeal—that it is "a masterful, inventive, glorious piece in every way." (This leaves very little more to say about the C-major Quintet or the *Forellen.*)
R. Strauss: Sonata. Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Brooks Smith, piano. Spohr: *Gesangscene.* Heifetz, violin, with RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. Tchaikovsky: *Sérènade mélancolique.* Heifetz with Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. RCA Victor LM 2860, $4.79 (mono only).	The quality of these performances has been liberally extolled in the past; what is new about them is the combination on a single LP of three works, each played to perfection. It would have been a degree more gratifying had it been possible for the quality of artistry to be associated with a higher fidelity of sound, but if that is not possible there is sufficient to enjoy in the one without lamenting the absence of the other. Indeed, it is only a matter of time until the performance of the Strauss Sonata is elevated into the category of "Great Recordings of the Epoch" or whatever other such Hall of Fame series RCA chooses to sponsor.
Wiren: Serenade (Op. 11). Larsson, Larserik: *Pastoral* Suite (Op. 19); *Liten Marsch.* Stig Westerberg conducting the Stockholm Symphony. London mono CM 9430, $4.79; stereo CS 6430, $5.79.	Both works have unsuspected qualities of freshness and melodic appeal, delivered with maximum persuasion by Westerberg and the excellent orchestra. Of the two, the Wiren has somewhat more substance, though it treads lightly as it gathers momentum in the Scherzo and Marsch. —I.K.

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Looking for Trouble

HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT can and does go out of order; and while some repairmen do make house calls, the amount of precision equipment needed for many repairs makes it advisable to send or bring the faulty component to a properly outfitted repair station.

This in turn brings up the problem of deciding which of perhaps six or eight components of an audio system is the faulty unit. With rare exceptions, most high fidelity troubles can be traced to their source by even the least technically minded, through simple, logical processes of elimination and substitution.

Substitution is easiest in a stereo system, when the problem is occurring in only one channel. Think of a stereo component system as two parallel rivers, whose tributary signal sources (tuner, tape recorder, record player) feed into the common channel of preamplifier, amplifier, and speaker. Interchanging connecting cables at any point so that, say, the tuner's left-channel output feeds the right-channel input of the preamplifier either will or will not cause the trouble to jump channels, too. If there is no jump, the problem must be found farther down the "river" than the jumping point; if the trouble switches channels, its cause will be found at an earlier point in the system. In mono or stereo systems, tuners, tape recorders and the like may be tested in any preamplifier input jack labeled "tape" (but *not* "tape head"), "FM," "Tuner," "Aux," or the like; tuners and recorders with their own volume controls may be fed directly to the power amplifier, bypassing the preamp (don't make or break amplifier-input connections if the amplifier is turned *on*); if the problem disappears, the preamp must be presumed at fault. A phono cartridge fed for test purposes through an "aux" or "tuner" input will sound weak and tinny, but should be audible at full volume.

Many troubles can be traced to their sources by logically eliminating all components that cannot cause them. For example, "drift" can only occur in tuners, "rumble" in record players, "wow" or "flutter" in record players or tape recorders. A defective speaker can cause only three troubles: complete silence, a buzz or rattle superimposed on the signal, or a pronounced change in frequency balance.

When any component fails completely—its pilot lights dark, its motors unmoving—the trouble usually lies in the power connections. Make sure the AC line plug is firmly seated in its outlet; check to see that the outlet is actually "live" by plugging in a lamp or other device. But if the unit still acts "dead," check the fuse, which is usually hidden behind a red or black plastic cap on the rear panel of the component. If the fine wire in the glass tube of the fuse appears broken, or if the tube is blackened, replace it with another fuse *of the same rating*. If the new fuse blows out too soon, the component should be checked by a serviceman.

Any trouble that shows up on both channels of a stereo system must lie within a component that affects both channels: this usually eliminates the speakers, connecting cables, and power amplifiers (if separate amps are used).

Cables are, however, the commonest cause of two problems: hum and loss of signal. Cable failure usually occurs at the plug ends: test suspected cables by gently wiggling them a fraction of an inch from each plug (careful to wiggle one at a time)—if the trouble appears or disappears, the cable is probably defective. Substitution will serve as a double-check.

Since speaker connections rarely use plugs, shorts in these connections are most likely to occur at the amplifier, when a few carelessly wrapped strands of the speaker wire bridge the gap between amplifier output terminals, causing partial or complete signal loss. Speaker lead failures do not cause hum.

Any trouble that shows up on only one signal source is due to a defect in that source, its cables, or the preamplifier input to which that signal is being fed. Having traced the problem this far by elimination, check cables and preamplifier inputs by substitution.

Tuner problems commonly stem from bad antenna connections. Before sending your tuner in for repair, make sure that the antenna leads are not broken or shorted, and that outdoor antennas and leads have not deteriorated.

One other common problem—volume or tone controls that "crackle" when touched—can often be cured at home: remove the knob and drip a bit of alcohol or cleaning fluid down the crack where the control's shaft enters the panel, twisting the shaft as you do so. But if this fails, the control will probably need replacement.

—IVAN B. BERGER.

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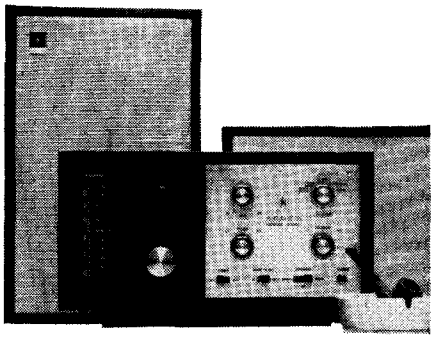
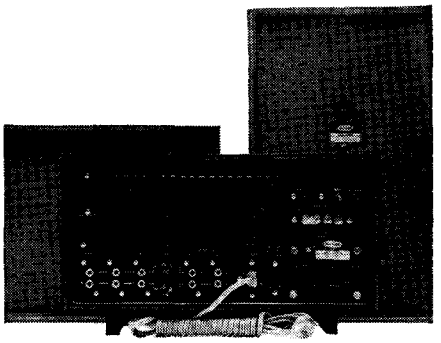


Simply Amazing



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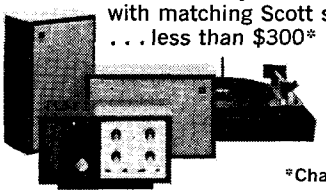

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THE OTHER SIDE

Turnabout—New *Don Carlo*

LONDON.

THE PROLIFERATION of cheap labels in this country is a subject that has recurred with increasing frequency during the past two years. Now the trend started by Supraphon has been strengthened by the arrival of an important new label. It is the one already familiar to American record buyers as Turnabout. Here it bears the subtitle "A Vox Production" but the discs (which sell at $2.50, mono or stereo) are in fact marketed by Decca, although neither labels nor sleeves give any indication of this. Supraphon's repertoire, aside from its strength in Czech and Russian music, has been mainly of the mainstream-classics type (such as, recently, a pairing of Haydn's *Surprise* and *Clock* symphonies, and a fine Brahms Double by Suk and Navarra) whereas the first Turnabout release of thirty discs is devoted, in the main, to less familiar fare.

The label most likely to suffer at the hands of the new competitor, unless I am much mistaken, is Nonesuch, which, over the past year, has established a useful bridgehead in this country. Here Nonesuch discs cost about $3.50 and offer a repertoire very similar to that of Turnabout (Arbeau, Corrette, Monteverdi, Vivaldi, Paisiello, Stamitz, Dittersdorf, Hummel and the Bach sons, as well as J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Weber, are among the composers represented in the first release).

While the competition at bargain-disc level is thus growing more and more intense, there are distinct signs of slackening in the top-price region, where the trend must surely be in the direction of fewer but more distinctive recordings. Already DGG has decided to issue records once a quarter instead of monthly, and the coming summer will mark a break with traditional procedures of distribution, when the Decca and EMI groups follow Philips's lead and become their own, exclusive wholesalers. What firms like CBS and DGG, who do not as yet have the requisite machinery for country-wide distribution, will then do remains to be seen; probably they will carry on as hitherto, but the general pattern is certainly one of major upheaval.

Were anyone to conduct an opinion poll among a representative sample of London's opera-goers with a view to ascertaining which was the finest all-round operatic performance in their experience, the chances are that Covent Garden's 1958 Giulini/Visconti production of Verdi's *Don Carlos* with Brouwenstijn, Vickers, Gobbi, and Christoff would prove an easy winner. Now at last we have a *Don Carlos* on discs which begins to make sense. It seems fitting that Decca should have entrusted the task to Covent Garden's chorus, orchestra, and musical director. In fact Solti did not conduct the work here (though he has in New York) but two of the distinguished principals, Grace Bumbry and Nicolai Ghiaurov, have sung their parts recently at the Royal Opera House. It cannot be denied that, in the 1958 production, much of the compassionate element emanated from Gre Brouwenstijn's deeply moving portrayal of the Queen; here she is sung by Renata Tebaldi. Eboli is a less complex character, but the role makes immense demands upon a singer's skill and stamina—Grace Bumbry, with her splendid voice and undoubted musical intelligence, is as fine an exponent as we are likely to find at the moment. To the title role Carlo Bergonzi brings musicianship and a sense of style rare among Italian tenors. Purely from the point of view of vocal quality, Ghiaurov's Philip is absolutely magnificent, while Fischer-Dieskau's Rodrigo is, for the most part, beautifully sung and acted with extraordinary intelligence and finesse.

Other Decca-group releases for February include a selection from *The Stone Flower,* Prokofiev's last big ballet score, an enjoyable account of Brahms's Second Symphony from Kertesz and the Vienna Philharmonic, an attractive coupling of Viotti's Violin Concerto No. 3 and Boccherini's C-minor Symphony by the Rossini Orchestra of Naples (Franco Caracciolo, conductor, Giuseppe Prencipe, solo violinist) and a promising debut recital by the Israeli pianist Varda Nishry—a pupil of, among others, Arrau, who introduces herself by way of Rameau, Ravel (*Sonatine*), and Franck (*Prelude, Aria and Finale*). Argo offers a splendid Handel disc containing two of his Chandos Anthems, "O praise the Lord" and "Let God arise," finely sung and played under David Willcocks's direction, while lovers of Haydn will surely be delighted that this company is to follow up its widely praised recordings of the *Lord Nelson* and *Theresa* masses with the remaining masses Haydn wrote toward the end of his life.

RCA offers little this month save the National Theatre production of *Much Ado about Nothing* and a number of Victrola reissues (including a remarkable stereo disc of *Ein Heldenleben* recorded by Reiner early in 1954!); on Brunswick (alias U.S. Decca) the New York Pro Musica brings us a delightful collection devoted to the Renaissance Band, complete with a welcome demonstration of the instruments concerned, while Oiseau-Lyre promises a major treat for mid-month release: a three-disc set of Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie,* sung in French by an impressive British cast—Janet Baker, Robert Tear, John Shirley-Quirk and others—under the direction of Professor Anthony Lewis.

From EMI comes an admirable coupling of Roussel's third and fourth symphonies (Paris Conservatoire under Cluytens) and a spacious, account of Schubert's 'Great' C major from Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé. Klemperer has remade his sober but beautifully poised reading of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* with the New Philharmonia and this appears on a 12-inch disc with the Symphony No. 25 and Handel's *Concerto Grosso,* Op. 6, No. 4 (reissues of performances by the "old" Philharmonia); two lovely Mozart Piano Concertos, K.449 and K.459, receive crisp but rather impersonal performances at the hands of Hephzibah Menuhin, supported by brother Yehudi and his Bath Festival Orchestra (he has, incidentally, just re-recorded the Elgar Violin Concerto after a gap of more than thirty years—his 1932 version, made as a young boy with the composer conducting, is still available).

There are also two welcome, Westminster-derived discs of Haydn Quartets—Opp. 54 and 55—by the Allegri Quartet, a cheaper reissue of the 1953 Glyndebourne performance of Rossini's *Cenerentola,* an attractive recital of favorite German Lieder by Anneliese Rothenberger and Gerald Moore (mono only, this) and a disc containing music for guitar and violin by Paganini, played by Oscar Ghiglia and Regis Pasquier. The Ambrosian Singers, directed by Professor Denis Stevens, this month launch a new anthology entitled *The Treasury of English Church Music,* each disc being designed to go with a corresponding volume of a newly-published survey of this vast field. Volume 1 covers the period from 1100 to 1545; the remaining four discs, which will take us right up to 1965, are to appear in due course. My last recording is "different" in a very refreshing way: music written by Gustav Holst for Brass and Military Band, performed by the BMC (Oxford) Brass Band and the Regimental Band of the Royal Air Force mostly directed by the composer's daughter, Imogen.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Nilsson

Continued from page 49

redecessors of Fremstad as Sophie raubman and Susan Strong did, and he more recent Gertrude Kappel, Astrid arnay, and Margaret Harshaw. The hallenge, rather, is to command the ocal resources to do *both* on the *same* vening as well as the dramatic means o differentiate one from the other.

There is also some consideration to be iven of the particular version of *Tannäuser* in question: the early, Dresden ersion, or the later, Paris edition? As is ell known, Wagner elaborated considrably the Venusberg scene in 1861 to rovide for the "ballet" required by the aris Opéra. He also took the opportuity this revision afforded to amend the haracter of Venus, which, by his own dmission, was the weakest part of the core as he first conceived it. As it appens, the Metropolitan is doing the arlier, Dresden version which, the vocal echnicians contend, is more suitable for ombination with a soprano who is also erforming Elisabeth (the later version ies lower and is more in the true mezzo ategory).

All this means, in practical terms, is: No matter how well Nilsson copes with he Venus-Elisabeth challenge as it is ow constituted, there remains the furher consideration—can she, sometime or ther, undertake the later Venus as well? erhaps it is a challenge that could only e solved in the recording studio, where he producer doesn't have to worry bout mounting a ballet to go with Wagner's best ballet music—but it is here, for those who want to mull over he possibility. If it can be done, Nilsson s the one to prove its feasibility; if she an't, the probability is that no one can.

It is, in any case, the kind of ultimate hat one associates with her. Nearer at and, after her Venus-Elisabeth, is her irst American Elektra (Strauss, not Mozart) at the new Metropolitan next fall, n a new production by Rudolf Heinrich, who was responsible for the recent Salome. Many good Salomes have considered Elektra a part apart, so to speak; as more than a few capable Elektras have passed up the challenge of her 'younger sister." In Nilsson's opinion, *Elektra* is a more satisfying musical work than *Salome*, a view in which she has considerable support, for its greater variety, deeper emotional involvement, and total cumulative effect.

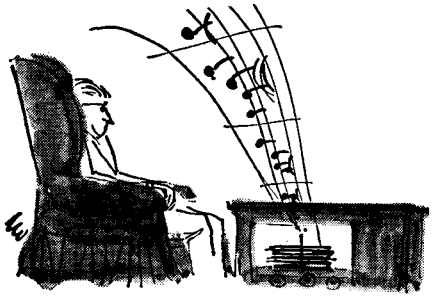
As to what Nilsson may be inclined to do in the more distant future, there are three orders of priority: what the managers want, what the public thinks she ought to do, and which, among them, she feels most inclined to investigate. There is a lively managerial demand, on both sides of the Atlantic, for her to perform La Gioconda in Ponchielli's opera—primarily, one suspects, because there is no other performer with her appeal available for the role right now, and some Isoldes of the past found it congenial. This Nilsson (C. Nilsson was the first Metropolitan *Gioconda* in 1883) doubts that it is exactly for her, or that "*Suicidio*" in Act IV makes up for what has, or has not, preceded.

Of other Strauss, she has not yet put away thought of the Marschallin, though the perils it presents for comparison with memories of Lehmann and Schwarzkopf are readily apparent. The Kaiserin in *Frau ohne Schatten* is a more inviting possibility, especially since it will be in the Metropolitan repertory for the first time next fall, and may be expected to remain for a while thereafter.

In the Puccini repertory, the "perhaps" that she may add Minnie in *La Fanciulla del West* to Turandot and Tosca still exists. Her only venture to date was in an Angel recording for which she was solicited, in 1958, when Maria Callas withdrew. It would not be surprising for her to think, with the passage of time and her experience in *Turandot*, that she can do even better with it now.

Suggestions for additions to her Wagner repertory come from all sides. The public, in its tendency to associate any great Wagnerian soprano with all prior examples, expects Kundry in *Parsifal*. Nilsson's own view is that she does not have the low register for it, that the effort to develop it may be detrimental to her other assets ("even rubber will lose its shape if you stretch it too far," she says, in reference to the vocal cords). Anyway, it is not a role that particularly appeals to her. "All that effort for one '*Lachte*,'" she says, "Why?" Nor is she very taken with assurances that Ortrud in *Lohengrin* is waiting for her attention. The objective listener might well reflect that *Lohengrin* with Nilsson as Ortrud would demand, for balance, an Elsa nobody can name—or perhaps even imagine. She is much more partial to Sieglinde, a part she has frequently performed (though not in New York). As of now, however, the problem is somewhat similar to Elsa-Ortrud, even more so: the idea of *Die Walküre* with Nilsson in the cast and some other singer as Brünnhilde seems a formula for disaster.

Of course, there is always Norma.



Her views on this subject are eminently professional, as well as practical. "Too many small notes," she observes, referring to the turns and mordents and other embellishments that demand flexibility as well as power. "One voice cannot be lyric, and dramatic, and coloratura also." Or if it can, the effort to make it so might be self-defeating. "I might lose the long line," she says, "which I think I have." Factually, as she sings an arduous role, the sound of the voice tends to lighten. After a recent performance of *Salome*, conductor Karl Boehm said to her backstage, "Now you can sing Queen of the Night." But, says Nilsson, to have this quality at the beginning of an opera "I would have to vocalize for three hours." (Her present custom, according to a "secret" method, which works for her if no one else, is for perhaps ten minutes to "set" her voice for a performance.)

As for explanations of her ability to do as much as she does, as well as her inclination to do it more often than most others, there are as many answers as there are persons with opinions. One experienced observer of singers and singing says: "Nilsson is as much a physical freak as Caruso was," referring to the bodily frame that produces the sound. Some in the managerial profession contend she is driven by a passion for money, citing her belief that she should be paid no *less* than any other performer in the same opera house (at the Metropolitan this means more than $3,000 per performance). However, she well recollects the years when the biggest theaters and the best roles were beyond her reach, and sees no reason why she should not make up for it now. Also, she commits a good deal of time to Bayreuth and Vienna, where fees are less than they are in Italy or America.

A minority opinion—which might just possibly be correct—is that, for the while, Nilsson is an example of what a certain TV producer was looking for when he said, "I want plays about people with happy problems." She has arrived at a peak of demand in which her services are committed for two full years—"I am sold out until 1968," she says—with negotiations pending for engagements as far ahead as 1970. She enjoys doing what she is doing, and enjoys being well paid for doing it. But she has pride in her work, and is well aware there are ways in which it can be improved—in dramatic projection, in more variation of vocal quality, emphasis on the lyric rather than the dramatic, etc.—despite the praise constantly lavished upon her.

Whatever she may do in the future, the evidence is already clear that much else in the operatic world will be remembered, by association, for having happened "in Nilsson's time."

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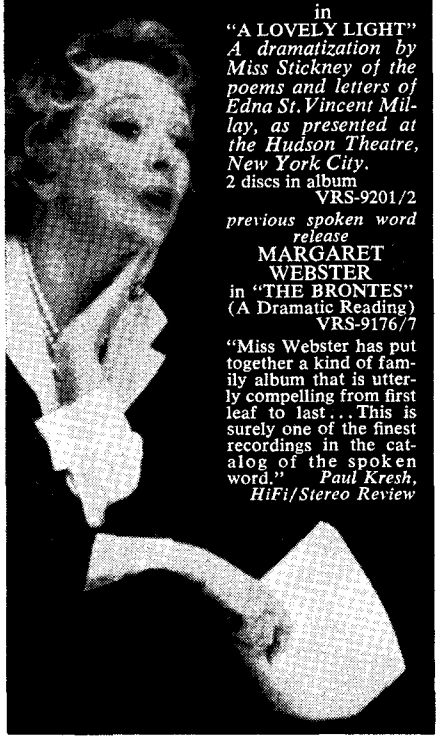

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Sigh from L.A.

My sigh that our library had proposed the circulation of records for many years in vain, as reported by David Dachs in his article "The New Long-Playing Libraries [*SR*, Jan. 29], was apparently heard at City Hall at about the time the article appeared. We will inaugurate our circulating record service at the Central Library next week with a collection of 6,000 LPs available at a charge of 10 cents per two-week loan, and will double the collection within a year.

Mr. Dachs's depiction of Los Angeles as having a "hyperactive cultural syndrome" was most apt. Los Angeles leads all public library systems in book circulation and now can look forward to the day when the same will hold true for records.

Ernest Siegel, Director,
Rufus B. von KleinSmid
Central Library.
Los Angeles, Calif.

L.A. and Environs

About LP libraries. The Los Angeles area has at least 10 libraries with record-lending facilities (listed upon request). In addition to Long Beach with its excellent collection and staff under Helen Kennedy, there is the Brand Branch of the Glendale Library System which houses a fine and growing body of records well-tended with loving care by Barbara Boyd and staff. And at long last, sometime this month (February, 1966) the Los Angeles Public Library is expected to start circulation of discs. From here the one sad note in all this is the improper treatment records sometimes receive (understatement of the year) while on loan.

Stan White.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's note: *By "request" reader White means: Alhambra - Arcadia - Burbank - Glendale - Long Beach - Los Angeles - Pasadena - South Pasadena - Santa Monica - Whittier.*

The Price "Carmen"

My letter to you deploring the fakery and lack of ethics in recordings—as exemplified particularly in the recent records of soprano Leontyne Price—has inspired (I see in your December 25 issue) a letter from Chin Ha Suk taking issue with my description of Miss Price's Carmen as a "vulgarization." Chin Ha Suk indicates that because Carmen is a vulgar character, my point is ill taken. To this I say: not so. Chin Ha Suk obfuscates my meaning.

By vulgarization of this *Carmen* performance I mean the vulgarization of its music, offenses to the score of Bizet. I mean notes he never wrote being interpolated (and in this vulgarization Conductor Karajan must share the blame) evidently to create climaxes necessary because Miss Price—and Karajan—couldn't make them with Bizet's own score. I mean failure to sing understandable or accurate French. I mean sloppy phrasing and uneven tone production. *This* is vulgarization—musically offensive to good taste.

M. N. Weber.
New York, N.Y.

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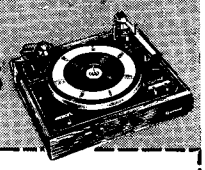

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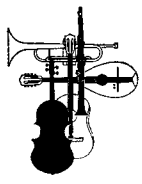

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Verdi for Callas

I UNDERSTAND Maria Callas is planning to re-record *La Traviata*. If this can be taken to indicate solid vocal improvement in the top register, I should ask her to clear up at least two other outstanding Verdi debts:

1. A complete retake of *La Forza del Destino* with, say, Cossotto, Corelli, Panerai (or Taddei?), Vinco—and perhaps Capecchi called back to restate his rich Melitone. The old Callas-Capecchi-La Scala set had the best of Tucker's Alvaro and Serafin's conducting, but the mezzo, baritone, and primo basso were below par in key roles.

2. A complete Paris version of *Macbeth* with Tito Gobbi.

BARRY FRAUMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

The USSR and Canada

MR. KOLODIN in his column of January 8, devoted, in part, to "Rostropovich Week" [in New York], said of Benjamin Britten's *The Poet's Echo* that it "had not previously been performed outside the Soviet Union." He may be interested to know that this work was performed by the same artists who performed it in New York, on December 13, 1965, in Toronto and was broadcast on the CBC on December 21. Unless, of course, he considers Canada part of the Soviet Union.

MAURICE MONK.

Toronto, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not so. But the information on which the observation was based was submitted prior to either event.*

Homage to T. S.

THOMAS HEINITZ, in your issue of January 15, mentioned a recording *Homage to T. S. Eliot* featuring (among others) Sir Laurence Olivier, Paul Scofield—and Groucho Marx. The mention aroused my curiosity and then my disappointment since I found no reference to the album number and its possible availability in this country.

M. J. FERRUZZA.

Peoria, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No information on the possible appearance of the record in this country is available as yet.*

"Requiem" by Josephs

IN THE *SR* of December 25, 1965, there appeared a review by Bernard Jacobson of the performance of a *Requiem* Opus 39 by Wilfred Josephs at La Scala in the fall of 1965.

Mr. Jacobson's enthusiastic review has resulted in a desire to perform this work in the near future here. We therefore would like to obtain a copy of this score but cannot until we can find out who the publisher is. We would appreciate any information *SR* might be able to give us or obtain for us.

JOHN J. ROSE.

Hartford, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For others with the same query, the word is that a vocal score has been published by Weinberger Ltd. of London.*

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Movies

Continued from page 42

also determine at what age a child is ready to see an "adult" film. The main thing, however, is to prevent local authorities from cutting "adult" films to their conception of what is permissible for a child to see. And the best way to accomplish this, it seems to me, is through some system of classification. Although the motion picture industry, traditionally opposed to any censorship beyond its own, self-imposed Production Code regulations, has gone on record as regarding classification as simply censorship in another guise, expedience alone would seem to dictate a not-so-agonizing reappraisal—and particularly since the Code itself is currently in the process of liberalization.

FOR there can be no doubt that, in the absence of official state and municipal controls, the inevitable blue-noses will redouble their efforts on local levels, meaning local police action. During the past year, police crack-downs on theater managers running pictures that have been considered questionable have notably increased. Admittedly, most of these have been "nudies"; but with nudity creeping into major productions, it is only a matter of time before the attacks widen and intensify—unless such films have already obtained the support and sanction of important church and secular groups.

By their awards, both the Protestants and the Catholics have indicated their readiness to assume a new, enlightened leadership. From such a position, classification is only a short step away. It would seem to me not only realistic but prudent if the motion picture industry were now to attempt to unite these groups with the leaders of other national organizations in an earnest effort to hammer out a set of standards that could serve as the practical base for effective classification. I will not pretend that classification is the ideal solution to every problem, both moral and artistic, of America's film makers. Personally, I should prefer to see no censorship at all, in any form. But pragmatically, I am unwilling to hazard the adult artist's freedom to communicate with adult audiences simply for the sake of protecting minors—particularly since we know from the examples of classification in other countries that this same protection can be guaranteed by other and less totalitarian means than censorship. Certainly the times have never been more propitious for a trial.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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SKIING, MARVELOUS FUN or quiet relaxation. The Yodler, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1664

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Re-engaged, fitted together in close agreement.	208 149 102 2 153 77 192 164
B. In railroading, running free without locomotive and tender.	93 5 35 158 181 110 203 48 72 145 127
C. Heathen.	194 14 131 219 176 143
D. Any sea-going vessel, in a tale, such as Jack London's *Snark*, etc. (2 wds.)	107 190 182 175 7 66 124 19 58
E. One reason for the extensive advertisement of such drugstore items as *Sensen, Ennds*, etc. (2 wds.)	196 171 17 114 56 29 92 159 213 137 189 108 161
F. Remarkable; deserving of being remembered.	70 53 20 37 76 101 10 89 188 166
G. Rendered intelligible by clear explanation.	69 169 172 135 21 150 80 216 50 43
H. Short lengths of chain or ribbon attached to some necessary article kept in a small pocket near a man's waistband (2 wds.)	62 34 217 100 79 141 146 26 73
I. In a dying state.	184 212 4 28 165 156 82 81
J. By the time these are cut, one is supposed to have gained experience (colloq.)	65 113 210 174 162 218 130 128
K. Inherent propensities for personal gratifications; cravings.	9 120 195 177 40 106 44 205 61
L. Freshness; recentness of origin.	138 185 206 16 168 52 122
M. Altered (Shakespeare's word; obs. to us).	140 183 54 126 74 60 191
N. In Pope's *Essay On Criticism*, these were "laboured in so strange a style."	199 125 139 23 118 87 214 75
O. Custom of the gourmand.	151 42 201 13 129 78 173 39
P. Complete closures of physical passages which are normally open.	155 67 193 121 104 202 142 41 6 36
Q. Proverbially, objects of least conceivable usefulness which have become a necessity today (2 wds.)	211 68 33 112 45 147 15 99 63 157 22
R. Briefly, shared annuities.	84 198 204 95 179 105 160 117
S. Subject of controversial statute in effect in 19 of the 50 states (3 wds.)	18 136 88 154 123 133 215 30 90 111 144
T. Left out of consideration.	8 27 94 119 197 180 3 187 152 91
U. Assembly of hearers; in more familiar usage, as an adjective, pertaining to hearing.	167 12 116 55 71 83 64 1
V. Subject of one of the "Administrations" in the District of Columbia (2 wds.)	32 103 46 38 163 209 25 57 86 115 207 178 134
W. Ocular.	11 24 98 47 96 31 148 200 59 170
X. Petroleum, esp. in the more volatile varieties.	186 51 109 49 97 85 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 U	2 A	3 T	4 I		5 B	6 P		7 D	8 T	9 K	10 F		11 W	12 U
13 O		14 C	15 Q	16 L		17 E	18 S	19 D	20 F	21 G	22 Q	23 N		24 W	25 V	26 H	27 T
28 I	29 E		30 S	31 W	32 V		33 Q	34 H	35 B	36 P	37 F	38 V	39 O		40 K	41 P	42 O
43 G		44 K	45 Q	46 V	47 W		48 B	49 X	50 G		51 X	52 L	53 F	54 M	55 U	56 E	
57 V	58 D	59 W	60 M	61 K		62 H	63 Q	64 U	65 J		66 D	67 P	68 Q	69 G	70 F	71 U	72 B
73 H	74 M	75 N		76 F	77 A	78 O		79 H	80 G	81 I		82 I	83 U	84 R	85 X	86 V	87 N
88 S		89 F	90 S		91 T	92 E		93 B	94 T	95 R	96 W		97 X	98 W	99 Q		100 H
101 F	102 A	103 V	104 P	105 R	106 K	107 D	108 E		109 X	110 B	111 S	112 Q	113 J		114 E	115 V	116 U
	117 R	118 N	119 T	120 K	121 P	122 L		123 S	124 O	125 N	126 M	127 B	128 J	129 O		130 J	131 C
132 X	133 S		134 V	135 Q	136 S	137 E	138 L	139 N	140 M	141 H	142 P	143 C		144 S	145 B	146 H	147 Q
148 W	149 A	150 G	151 O	152 T		153 A	154 S	155 P	156 I	157 Q	158 B		159 E	160 R		161 E	162 J
163 V	164 A		165 I	166 F		167 U	168 L	169 G		170 W	171 E	172 G	173 O	174 J	175 D	176 C	177 K
178 V		179 R	180 T		181 B	182 D	183 M	184 I	185 L	186 X		187 T	188 F	189 E	190 D		191 M
192 A	193 P	194 C	195 K	196 E	197 T	198 R	199 N		200 W	201 O	202 P	203 B		204 R	205 K	206 L	207 V
208 A		209 V	210 J		211 Q	212 I	213 E	214 N	215 S	216 G	217 H	218 J	219 C				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Listen! Thunderbird for 1966 has a new, easy-to-use Stereo Tape player. This unique four-speaker system plays over 70 minutes of music on instant-change snap-in, snap-out tape cartridges. No rewinding. Completely automatic! Other new personal touches: Thunderbird's new Highway Pilot Control option—on the steering wheel—lets you set, retard, and resume your desired cruising speed with just the touch of a finger. Plus a new overhead Safety-Convenience push button panel on Town models; a more powerful standard V-8 or 428-cubic-inch V-8 option. And, the incomparable styling, engineering and craftsmanship that have made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird

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